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TEWA
FIRELIGHT TALES

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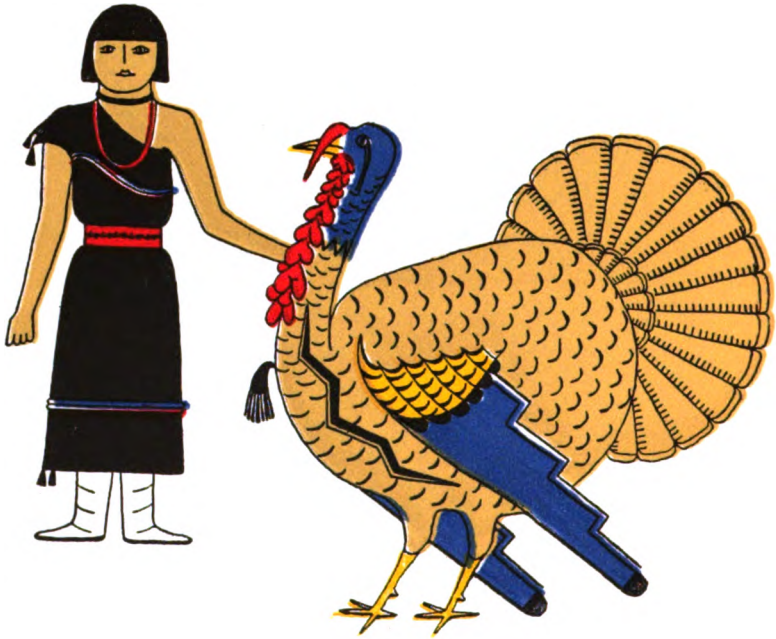

ONE OF THE TURKEYS ASKED HER IF SHE
WISHED TO GO TO THE DANCE
See "A Tewa Cinderella"

Drawn by Awa Tsireh

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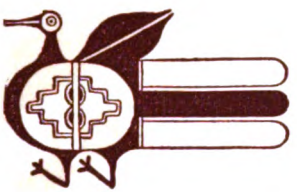
TEWA FIRELIGHT TALES

RETOLD BY AHLEE JAMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
AWA TSIREH
AND OTHERS



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FIRST EDITION

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TO

MY INDIAN FRIENDS

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FOREWORD

THESE Tewa Tales have been gathered during three years' residence in San Ildefonso, an Indian village on the Rio Grande river, about 24 miles northwest of Santa Fé, New Mexico.

Every story was told by a grown man or woman, some of the tellers being old and wise in the traditions of their people. A few of the stories were obtained from Indians of other pueblos, but all from Tewa people. The Tewa tribe is distributed in a number of pueblos, or villages, in New Mexico.

For the illustrations, I am also wholly indebted to the Indians themselves, and especially to Awa Tsireh, who is responsible for seven of the ten full page illustrations which accompany the stories.

During my first two years with these interesting people I taught in the little Government Indian school near the pueblo, and the last year lived in the pueblo in one of the Indian built adobe houses, where I was treated as a resident of the village and received many favors from the inhabitants.

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FOREWORD

San Ildefonso is a small pueblo, having only a few over a hundred inhabitants, but these, as above related, are not all the Tewa people. There are other villages of this tribe, while yet other pueblos have a mixture of Tewa and other tribes.

This collection of stories is called "Firelight Tales" because Indian stories are usually told on winter evenings in the light and warmth of the open adobe fireplaces. Tales are not told during spring or summer because that is the time when people are busy out of doors making crops. Ploughing, planting, irrigating, cultivating, are work that must be attended vigilantly, and the gods look with disfavor on persons who spend these busy seasons in the relaxing occupation of story-telling. It is believed that the crops of such frivolous and idle persons fail, as punishment for breaking the law of the seasons.

So, in winter, when crops are gathered and laid away, time has come for the relating of tales, singing of songs, and the practice of dances, all of which have come down from ancestors for the enlightenment and entertainment of their children. These things are learned in the light of the pinion fire, and keep alive through the generations knowledge and love of those who have gone before.

AHLEE JAMES

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1927

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CONTENTS

A TEWA CINDERELLA	1
COYOTE AND EVENING STAR	10
THE BOY-CATCHER	19
COPETEUNGH, OR THE MAGIC AWL	26
THE BOYS WHO WENT TO THE SUN	55
THE FIRE BOYS	77
THE FOX SINGS	89
THE BEAR'S TAIL	93
LAZY GIRL AND THE LAKE SPIRIT	97
THE MAKING OF THE BUFFALO DANCE	104
THE GRASSHOPPER	108
THE SINGING SPRING	112
THE MAN AND THE WOMAN	116

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THE BIG SNAKE OF PECOS 127

THE PARROT GIRL 138

THE DROUTH WITCHES 150

THE RIVER MAN 162

IMPRISONED BY BEARS 166

THE WITCH WIFE 173

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS AND COYOTE 191

HOW MUSIC WON TWO WIVES 195

HOW THE TEWA TRIBE DIVIDED 199

WHEN NAVAJOS STOLE TEWA BOYS 205

SAD ENDING OF A PICNIC 212

TENENE POVE 219

RABBIT AND HAWK 241

RED TAIL TALKS 243

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TEWA
FIRELIGHT TALES

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A TEWA CINDERELLA

This is the story told by Ăẃä Tsĭr'ĕh, or Bird on Bulrush. Awa Tsireh is a famous artist of San Ildefonso and has pictures in many well known museums and galleries.

ONCE on a time there lived on the west side of the Rio Grande, across from San Ildefonso, a husband and wife and their three daughters. They had a flock of turkeys. The two older sisters were lazy, selfish girls, and made their little sister take care of the turkeys every day and do much other work besides.

The older girls were conceited and often dressed up in the pretty clothes they bought, but their little sister never had new clothes. She had only cast-off things of her sisters. Nor was she cared for in any way. Her hair and body were never washed, so that she was always dirty and

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the rest of the family treated her just as a servant girl and not as a member of the family at all.

One day there was to be a feast and dance at San Ildefonso and all the family got ready to go across the river and enjoy the festival, all but the little girl, who was left behind to take care of the turkeys.

She wanted to go to the feast too, but when she said so her sisters laughed and one of them declared, "The people would put such a dirty person as you out of the pueblo."

The other sister said, "It is your place to stay at home and take care of the turkeys, so say no more about going with us. Any one could tell by looking at you that you are not fit to go to fiestas."

The little girl said no more and remained behind to do her work, but she was very sad. She saw her parents and sisters and other people going to the feast, she alone being left behind. She wept bitterly and could not understand why she should be so much dirtier and more neglected and cast-off than anybody else. The child wondered how it would feel to be nice and clean and dressed in pretty clothes. If she were bathed and

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well clad, perhaps she too would look well, she thought.

After the people had all gone and the little girl sat alone thinking of her hard lot one of the turkeys talked to her and asked if she wished to go to the dance.

"Oh, yes," answered the little girl. "I want to go so much, but I have no clothes and must stay home and take care of you and your family, Mother Turkey."

The little girl called the mother turkey her mother, too, as she saw more of turkeys than she did of other people, and Mother Turkey was always kind to her. In fact, she was the only one who was.

"If you want to go to the feast," said Mother Turkey, "we will help you. I am tired of seeing you treated so badly."

The little girl looked at the speaker in wonder and Mother Turkey continued, "Go in the house, put water in a jar to heat, and when it is warm come out and tell me."

The little girl went unquestioningly to do Mother Turkey's bidding, feeling a sudden happiness surge through her. In a little while the

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water was warm and she went out to tell Mother Turkey. Then they both went into the house and Mother Turkey told the little girl to put the water in a tub. She obeyed, and Mother Turkey gave her a good bath. Then she washed and dried her hair, making it look very shiny and black and lovely.

When the little girl was clean and combed Mother Turkey said, "Now I will call one of the other turkeys."

She did so and the turkey she called looked pleased when she saw the little girl so nice and clean. Then Mother Turkey said something and the other turkey did a strange thing. Fluffing her feathers she shook herself and from them there fell down a beautiful embroidered *mo͞o'tŭh,* or black over-dress.

Mother Turkey gave the *mootuh* to the little girl and told her to put it on over the *do,* or gaily colored underdress, with which she provided her. While the happy girl was putting on her fine new garments the Mother called another turkey and bade him produce something. He also shook his feathers and down dropped a red, black, and green sash, or *bah-ä'*. Mother Turkey adjusted

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the *mootuh* and held it in place with this handsome sash. Then she told the turkey to go out, and called another.

The next turkey also shook his feathers, producing a pair of white deerskin moccasins. The little girl put these on and Mother Turkey called still another of her family.

This turkey shook her feathers and a string of turquoise beads fell to the floor. The little girl took up this valuable treasure and put it around her neck, loving the blue beauty of the beads.

Yet another turkey was called, and after shaking her feathers laid down a dainty white sā-gah' shawl, which completed the little girl's costume. When she had placed it round her shoulders she stood looking very pretty and happy, while Mother Turkey fluttered about, putting a finishing touch here and there.

'Now," said the kind mother bird, "Father Turkey will take you across the river and from there you can go alone to the dance. We will wait here until you return, so you need not worry about us. We will not fly away while you are gone."

Father Turkey then told her to follow him and

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when he reached the river he said, "Now, my little girl, sit on my back and I will fly across the river with you."

The little girl felt timid and said she was afraid she would fall, but Father Turkey assured her, "No, you will not fall; take hold of my wings and do not be afraid."

The little girl then got on his back and held to his wings at the shoulders. After taking a few steps along the bank Father Turkey rose and flew across the river, giving the happy little girl a fine ride through the air. When safely across he set her down on the bank and said,

"Now my little girl, you may go to the dance, but do not go where your father and mother and sisters are, and do not stay until the people are leaving. You must come back here before they start to leave so that they will not see us together."

The little girl said all right, she would do as he bade and Father Turkey added, "Your sisters will come over to you and talk but they will not know you. They will like your pretty clothes and ornaments and will want to borrow something, but you must not lend them anything. Tell them

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that your turkeys gave you all your pretty things for yourself and no one else can have them."

The little girl said she would do everything he told her to do, and went to the pueblo where the beautiful deer dance was being performed. She enjoyed watching the dance and the many people about her. She had never seen such a large crowd before. Several persons spoke to her and she was invited into a hospitable house to partake of the feast, which she enjoyed ever so much.

A number of girls admired her pretty clothes, among them her unkind sisters, but when they asked her to allow them to wear her beads, or her *sagah,* she refused, saying that her turkeys gave them to her, for herself only. Then the other girls resolved to find out what their turkeys would do for them, the sisters thinking of the fine flock which they supposed, was being tended by their dirty little sister.

The little girl had a wonderful time but she did not forget what Father Turkey had told her about returning soon, so before the last dance ended and the guests began to leave the pueblo she hurried to the river.

She got to the bank before any others had ar-

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rived and found Father Turkey waiting for her. This time she sat on his friendly back without fear and he added to her happiness by praising her for being on time. Again he took several steps forward, rose, and flew with her to the other side of the river, where he deposited her safely on the ground.

Then they walked home and found all the other turkeys waiting for them, eager to hear how the little girl had spent her day and whether or not she had enjoyed herself. She described the entertainment, and the turkeys were amused when she told about her sisters who did not recognize her.

When she had finished talking she sat back to rest and Mother Turkey said, "Now that we have done so much for you, and have made you so pretty that the family will be proud of you and treat you well, you must let us go to the mountains and be free."

The little girl looked at her turkeys in surprise, but decided that what they asked was only fair, so she went into the house, got some blue meal and returned to the birds.

Facing the mountains she threw some of the

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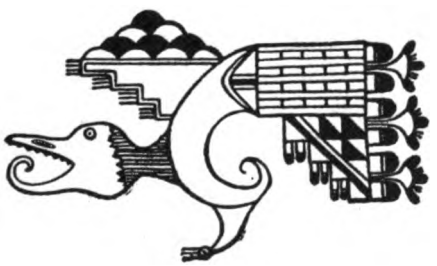
sacred meal in their direction and the turkeys, accepting the signal, rose in a great flock and flew off to the mountains, where they had wished to go all their lives.

The little girl listened to the mighty whirring of their great wings and watched them disappear. She felt sad, for she loved the turkeys; but she was glad that at last they had the freedom they desired.

Ever since that time we have had turkeys in the mountains and men go there to hunt them.



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COYOTE AND EVENING STAR

This is the story told by Năn-ă-tchĭl-ē, or Bird on Tree, in Indian, and translated into English by Tsăn' Pê, or Evergreen Mountain.

LONG, long ago, at Taba, in the hills, lived some gulls. One day they were getting ready to fly to the sea and Coyote, who had been friendly with these birds and envied their power of flight, told them that he wanted to go with them.

"How can you?" asked the gulls laughing, as he looked up at them imploringly. "Can you run as fast as we can fly?"

"No," answered Coyote, "but if you will make me wings I can fly and go with you to the wonderful sea."

The gulls considered this and then told him that if he would get them some stiff cloth they would make him a pair of wings.

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Coyote secured the cloth and brought it to the gulls. They took it and after considerable studying and planning made a very good pair of wings and fastened them to his shoulders. Coyote was delighted with their gift. He was even more delighted when he found that he could really fly. Indeed, he was so pleased that he did not mind the laughter of the gulls as he rose from the ground and joined them in their journey.

On and on they flew, through all that day and into the night, when they came to San Juan river. There they stopped to rest and spend the night. The birds sank to the water. As Coyote was trying to do everything they did he lowered himself to the river also but his wings soon became water-soaked. He began to sink. The gulls laughed at him but helped him to the bank and there he dried his wings and went to sleep, for he was very tired.

Next morning they started forth again and after flying a long way over woods and prairies, mountains and hills, they saw a village in a valley between two hills. This was Star Village and the Star people lived there, with Evening Star for their Chief.

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"Must we go over that village?" asked Coyote. His companions told him that they must. This made Coyote nervous for he feared the Star people would look up and laugh at his queer figure flying over them.

"If you think about what is below," admonished the gulls, "you will forget about your flying and then you will surely fall. Do not think of anything but flying as we pass over the village."

Soon they were passing over the town and the Star people looked up and saw them. They admired the gulls but when they saw the legs of Coyote dangling under his queer, stiff wings they began to laugh loudly and make fun of him.

"When did Coyote learn to fly?" they called. Their peals of laughter rose to the unhappy animal and he began to waver in his flight.

"Think of nothing but flying," cautioned the gulls, but despite his efforts to follow their instructions, he heard the jeers and taunts below and began to lose confidence.

"Look at the earth-made wings!" screamed the Star people. "See the grace of the gulls' wings that were made by Mother Life, and the

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stiffness of vain Coyote who would have wings even though the Great Mother has not given them to him. He was made for the ground. Look at his queer motions with his funny stiff wings. He wants to be a gull! Ho, ho, ho!"

Coyote tried hard to centre his thoughts on flying but he could not. His manufactured wings began to waver, then fail him, and after a few vain flaps to regain his balance he fell to the ground in the very midst of his tormentors.

The gulls were sorry for their unhappy friend but they could not help him so kept on in their flight; one of their wise ones remarking, "He would have wings, yet would not obey our instructions, so he must take the consequences."

Rushing to where he had fallen the Star people stripped Coyote of his wings and took him prisoner. They entrusted him to the care of a guard who was instructed to keep strict watch on him and not let him escape.

After all the jeering people, except his guard, had gone the poor beast was very unhappy and begged the keeper to set him free. The Star man refused for a long time but finally, weary from Coyote's pleading, told him if he would pay a

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certain number of shell and turquoise beads he would let him go. So Coyote gave his jailer all the pretty turquoise and shell beads he had and the jailer gave him his freedom.

As Coyote was running away from the village, glad to be free again even though he had been foiled in his flying trip, he saw Evening Star shining in the West. The sight of his bright, happy face made Coyote angry, so he began to laugh and make fun of Evening Star, as the Star people had made fun of him. Evening Star shone on him fiercely but the brighter the Star shone the more Coyote laughed and jeered at him. Finally Evening Star grew angry and leaving his place in the sky started after the laughing beast.

Coyote had thought that the Star Chief would not dare leave his place in the sky. He was frightened now, for he feared that Evening Star would burn him up. He wished for the wings of a gull to take him away but not having wings he used his four feet and ran so fast that Evening Star had hard work to follow. Still, no matter how swiftly Coyote ran Evening Star was swifter, and the foolish animal saw that he would

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be overtaken. Then he looked up at an owl sitting on her eggs and begged:

"Oh, Owl, please hide me from Evening Star, or he will surely burn me up!"

Owl felt sorry for Coyote's plight so she spread her wide wing over him and just had him hidden when Evening Star burst into view, blinding the night bird with his brilliant light.

He saw Owl and asked, "Which way did Coyote go?"

"I do not know," answered Owl, trying to see with her big eyes in the bright light.

"He came this way," said Evening Star angrily. "I'll teach him to make fun of me!"

Owl knew that the Star Chief was furious and would surely burn Coyote up if he caught him and she wished to get rid of the brilliance that was hurting her eyes. Nodding her great bushy head she said "He went that way," and Evening Star ran in the direction she nodded.

When the great light was gone Coyote came out from under the sheltering wing, and when he thought of how narrowly he had escaped he thanked Owl for her protection. Then he

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laughed loud with glee. He had outwitted the Chief of the Star people!

Evening Star finally went back to his place in the sky. Coyote, thinking the bright fellow, quivering there from fatigue, would not want another chase soon, foolishly showed himself and jeered again, calling his recent pursuer names.

The Star Chief watched him a while, giving himself time to rest, and then, without the faintest warning, jumped to earth and again started after Coyote. The rush was so sudden that Coyote was almost caught and his fur was even singed before he collected his wits enough to run away. When he did start fear lent speed to his legs. He ran as never before, but Evening Star was very close. Coyote looked around for friendly aid and heard little Bluebird as she sat on her nest.

Looking up he implored, "Oh, Bluebird, hide me under your pretty wing! Evening Star is after me and will surely burn me up if he catches me."

"How can I hide a big creature like you?" asked Bluebird.

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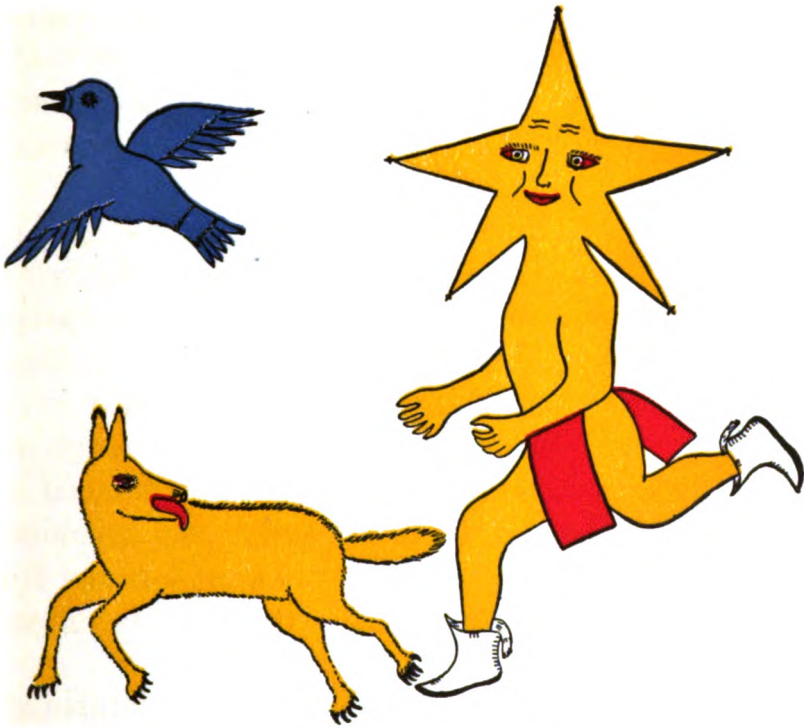

OH, BLUEBIRD, HIDE ME!

Drawn by Tsan Pe

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"Use your magic!" cried Coyote desperately as fiery brilliance told him that Evening Star was almost upon him.

Bluebird was sorry to see Coyote in so much trouble. She used her magic and just before Evening Star reached the tree where her nest was hidden the little bird made Coyote very small, and covered him with her wing, hiding him from his pursuer.

"Where did that mocking Coyote go?" asked Evening Star, seeing the blue mother bird on her nest.

"He passed on by," said Bluebird and Evening Star again took up the chase.

After he was gone Coyote came out of his hiding place and felt a wonderful relief at being free again. His size came back and he began to laugh yet another time to think that he had foiled the fierce Star Chief.

"Hush your silly laughter!" said Bluebird. "After this behave yourself, for wood creatures will refuse to hide you any more. Evening Star has done you no harm and you have no business to make fun of him."

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"His people made fun of me and took me prisoner," said Coyote defensively.

"Because you were trying to be something you were not," answered Bluebird, for she knew of Coyote's silly adventure with the wings. "You asked me to use my magic to hide you," she continued. "I did so because I did not want you burnt up, but the next time you mock at Evening Star I will use my magic another way and tell him where you are, for I shall know. Then you will be burnt up sure enough."

Coyote knew she would do as she said. So he went home, humiliated by the warning of little Bluebird. And for a long time he behaved himself as a respectable coyote should.

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THE BOY-CATCHER

This is the story told by Pau'-sā, Cane Growing in Water, of how two boys cured their father and mother of a wicked habit.

THERE was once a man and his wife who ate little boys whenever they could get them. They had two sons of their own and these children did not like their father and mother to cook other boys. Whenever they could let the young prisoners loose they did so, and the parents did not know what became of their captives.

It had been some time since the man and his wife had had such ghastly food and they were hungry, so the man started out to catch some young boys. He succeeded before long in getting two. He put them in a big bag and took them home. He went into the house to tell his wife of his luck. But while he and she were

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thinking of the feast they would have, their sons opened the bag and freed the captured boys, who then ran home as fast as their legs could carry them.

Next morning when the wicked man started to take the boys out of the bag to cook, they were gone. He was very angry. He asked his sons if they had seen anything of the captured youngsters. They answered untruthfully that they did not know he had bagged any.

Again the boy-catcher started forth with his bag. The two boys who had escaped saw him coming toward their pueblo and told all the other boys. Whereupon they all armed themselves with bows and arrows. When the man came near they shot him with their arrows and chased him to the Tuyo mesa.

As he fled before them the pueblo boys got bolder and went very close to him. He allowed them to chase him to the very foot of the mesa, then turning suddenly seized two of their number and popped them into his bag. That frightened the other boys and they kept out of his reach. But they watched every move he made and followed him at a distance as he carried their

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companions away. When he finally stopped, the distant pursuers hid until they saw him go to sleep. Then they slipped silently and cautiously up to the sack and let their comrades out. They filled the bag with stones so that the man would think he still had his captives in it.

When the boy-catcher awoke he stretched and looked around to see whether or not any one lurked behind bushes or rocks. Everything was still and no one was to be seen anywhere. He laughed to himself. How smart he had been to get the better of the youngsters who had thought to scare him off or kill him! He picked up his bag and went on his way.

He was surprised to find that his load had grown heavier and wondered.

"I must be very tired," he thought, "to feel this weight so."

But he strode on, thinking of how much his wife would enjoy such fine young meat for breakfast.

When he reached home he was met by his wife. He put down the heavy sack and said, "I have had a hard time but finally succeeded in getting two boys. There was a gang of them, and they

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thought they could kill me or scare me off. The little villains shot arrows at me and some of them struck, but I turned on them in a way that surprised them. They let me alone after that, I tell you."

He laughed and so did his wife. Then he began to open the bag very carefully. "We will not leave them in the sack and give them a chance to escape as the others did. We will lock them up securely until morning," he said; his wife nodded her head, looking expectantly at the bag.

She stood ready to prevent any running away, but what was their surprise and chagrin to see nothing in the bag but heavy stones. The man was so furious on making this discovery and thinking of how he had been outwitted, that his own boys hid from fright. They had never seen their father so angry before and feared that he might harm them.

"I'll get even with the vipers," he said. He started out again, fury adding to his strength and determination to get two more boys and keep them so securely that they could not possibly get away or be rescued. If he had to go to sleep again it would be with his head on the bag, but he did

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not mean to sleep until after reaching his home.

Madly he strode until nearly in sight of the pueblo and then crept up slyly, keeping himself hidden. In a convenient spot for his purpose he lay until night. Then, under cover of the darkness, he darted out and caught two boys who were getting firewood. He grabbed them so skilfully that they could not call for help, put them in his bag and hurried away.

Upon reaching home he said to his wife, "Now we will tie this bag so tightly that the rascals can not get away. At last we will have the feast we have waited for so long. These are fine fat children."

His sons were troubled to think that two young beings like themselves were to be cooked and eaten, but they were afraid to make any objection. All they dared do was to plan for a rescue. That night they lay very still on their blankets until both parents were sound asleep. Then they crept noiselessly to the sack where the poor little boys were trying in vain to work themselves out of their cruel prison.

When they felt some one handling the bag the captives kept very still. They thought their time

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had come to be put in the oven. But the boy-eaters' sons soon made themselves known and the imprisoned boys quietly awaited their liberation. When they were out of the bag they promised to do their deliverers a good turn some day, but the sons of the boy-catcher told them not to waste any time but to run as fast as they could.

The boys did not need to be told this a second time and ran for home with all their speed. They did not stop until the pueblo was reached, so fearful were they of being pursued. Their parents rejoiced to see them back and held a feast next day out of gratitude for their rescue and safe return.

After accomplishing their good work the boy-eaters' sons decided to get into the sack themselves. They would give their parents a good scare by making them believe that they had been forced into the bag. They knew their parents would not eat their own children.

Next morning early the boy-catcher went to the bag to get his human game and put it into the oven. He was surprised to find the sack untied but glad to see that the boys had not escaped. He was still drowsy so he pulled his victims out

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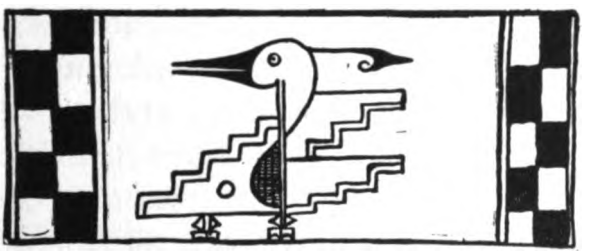
and thrust them into the oven without noticing that they were his own sons. The boys yelled and kicked but he thought that was just the natural objection of the boys he had bagged. Fortunately before he had fastened the door his sons succeeded in making themselves known. He jerked them hastily out, but not until they had been badly burned. The boy-catcher was terribly frightened at his horrible mistake. He and his wife realized how dreadful it would be to have their own children eaten and they promised their sons never to catch and eat boys again.



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COPETEUNGH, OR THE MAGIC AWL

This is the story told by Ōnē'a Pō've, or Lady Flower, as it was told to her by her father.

MANY years ago the Bed'-ä-gee people lived across the Rio Grande from San Ildefonso. Times grew hard for them. In order to better their condition they moved to Tsid'ägā and took with them all the possessions which they thought would be needed in the new home, or as much as they could carry. Many old things were left behind and among them two persons. This is how it happened that they were left there.

The night before the tribe left San Ildefonso Ă'cōn Pōvê, or Wild Flower, a young woman of the tribe, had a child. He was a weak little creature and each feeble cry that he uttered seemed the last wail of a despairing soul. Wild Flower and her husband, Pō-tā-yē', or River Shore Bird, decided that the puny baby would be only a use-

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less burden, for puny or deformed children were not welcomed by the Bedagee people. And now, when they were seeking a new home, the utmost strength of every warrior and every woman was needed.

Acon Pove lifted the infant in her arms, unwilling to leave it behind. She felt a mother's yearning toward it. But Potaye looked at the scrawny little body and shuddered to think it was their child.

"Hear its poor little cry and see how it turns its head away from us," said the mother, and she too shuddered at the little creature she had expected to love.

"It will be no good to us," said the father. "Leave it to the spirits of the bewitched place we are quitting. No doubt it was they who brought it here and they will know what to do with their own."

So the young mother placed the unknowing, helpless child behind the *metä'te,* the little corn mill where she had often ground corn into yellow or blue meal, and left him to end the life he had just begun, unless the spirits should ordain that he be saved.

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At the other end of the pueblo another family had an old grandmother, too feeble to travel. She was not useful enough to be carried by a strong person, as each member of the moving community was needed for the uncertain and difficult life ahead. Accordingly, while those for whom she had toiled, her children and grandchildren, moved on and away from her forever, she was left to perish in the empty village. The tribe, like Nature, sacrificed the one for the good of the many.

As her people disappeared around the mesa the old woman, Gwak-ah-song'-wă, or Green Oak Leaf, watched them until her dim eyes could no longer see and then, sitting on the ground, she swayed her body and moaned. But she did not complain.

"The gods have forgotten me and allowed me to live too long," she said. "No longer can I help my people. I, who have worked so many years for children and grandchildren and others of our village, must die alone in the ruins of the adobe that has long been my home, but must now be the tomb to hide my dead body from the raven and the coyote."

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After a time she rose and tottered slowly through the deserted village, praying to the Mighty One to take her or give her comfort. Stopping before an adobe that had been the home of one of her friends she stepped in and shuddered at the loneliness of the place that had recently resounded to the voices and movements of active people. She was hastening to leave the empty rooms, when a wail broke the silence. Green Oak Leaf listened, wondering if a spirit had come to carry her to the other world. She felt a little frightened but stilled her heart and waited. Again came the wail but this time she knew it was no spirit but the cry of a human babe.

"Who was so careless as to leave a child?" she said, and went in the direction of the now unmistakable call.

The cries came from the *metate,* and looking behind it she found the baby. Lifting the wee scrawny boy she pressed him to her own shriveled form.

"My poor little *ā-nū-kā,* my poor little boy," she said soothingly to the baby. "Năm-bĭ'-quo, the Great Spirit, has led me to you for he wants

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you to live. Even though you are helpless from youth and I am helpless from age we will help each other to live and be of some use or we will die together. But we shall not die or Nambiquo would not have brought us to one another."

Her touch soothed the child and his wail changed to a gurgling sound of satisfaction as he felt himself pressed against a human body. A moment before, the crone had not cared enough for life to think of food but now she looked about for something that would keep alive this young thing she had found. Her keen ear caught a scratching sound and she knew that a rat was searching in the deserted house for food.

"Ah!" said the old woman, "a few moments more and my little boy would have been your prey; now you shall be his."

Holding the child in one arm she watched until the rat came into view and then pounced upon him with the certainty of a hungry cat. From the flesh of the creature she made a meal for them and Green Oak Leaf said that Nambiquo had heard her prayer for he had sent her a child and food to sustain him and her.

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Time passed and age and youth continued to live in the deserted village. The child grew and Green Oak Leaf managed to find food from day to-day. With this young being to claim her care she was interested in life again. *Sah-wō'-de Cō-wĕ'-yā,* or Pretty Chipmunk, she named him, for she had seen a chipmunk on the day she rescued him from his perilous plight and on the second day had caught one of the tiny animals for their food. But usually she called him Coweya. The child learned to call her *Săh-yă'* or Grandmother, and thought that she and he were the only persons in the world

The world to him was the ruined village where they lived and the part of the valley he could see, with the river running through it, all fenced in by mesas on the west, north, and south, and high mountains on the east. He thought it a beautiful world and learned to lisp baby words about it to her. His lispings grew to distinct words, he crept on the ground and then stood erect, with Sahya supporting his little body on its slender legs. Then came a joyful day when he could stand alone and step even as Sahya could stand alone and step. The tottering steps grew firmer

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and as his body grew taller he learned to run. Then indeed he felt himself to be a part of the world with a love of life and health, and with a soul that was akin to all the wonders about him.

The two were very poor and Sahya had a hard struggle to find sufficient food to sustain them. The young creature she loved and provided for knew not of her struggle for existence but accepted all she did and gave as part of the life in which he found himself. A world of abundant food and things called luxuries were unknown to him so he did not miss them. He thought himself very rich in his wonderful world, in the possession of his grandmother and his ability to move and enjoy.

Old Green Oak Leaf watched him grow and began to tell him stories of other human beings. She told him also of animal people, rock people, and river people, and stirred his imagination with tales of folk beyond the mesas. In the evening as they sat in the glow of waning day he would listen to the stories. He learned then to ask questions. The old woman answered some of his questions but many she could not answer so he often walked thoughtfully during the day and

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inquired of the spirits. But none answered him; all he learned was from his grandmother and what he saw of the wild life and still things about him. He came to know that all creatures have parents and one night he asked Sahya if he too had had parents.

"Yes," she told him and was silent, for she had secretly feared that knowledge of his parents and other people would some day take her boy from her. She had noted his inquiring nature and was sure that he would some time leave their narrow world to seek the world beyond—that world about which she herself had often wondered, but never seen. For she had been born in this valley, and here she had played and worked through childhood, had married and reared children. She had never left it, but she could remember a day when she, a girl wife with her young husband had gone off for a holiday and had climbed Schŭ'-mă Mē'sa, so named because it was shaped like a huge nose. From that height she had had a marvellous view of other mesas stretching away into a distance that made her dizzy, while mountains to the east, which she had loved as friends viewed from the valley, seemed

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like something strange and new, with other mountains rolling beyond them in a fearful grandeur of which formerly she had had no idea.

That was the most travelled day of her life, and although she had been tired when she and her lover returned home, she felt herself a much richer woman for the trip. Often after that when her husband left home to hunt she sat at the door of her lodge late into the night. When all the village was wrapped in sleep, she gazed from her door to the distance and tried to picture her loved one in his hunt. She wondered how it felt to go so far and feel so free, but she had never asked to go. She could dream and wonder but was content to have the children and work for them, leaving the wearisome long tramps to the strong legs of the men.

She had often asked her husband questions as they sat alone, as she had asked questions of her parents in childhood. He had told her then many tales of his experiences, of terrible places, and of spirits of the wilderness. These tales she had treasured in her memory. She told them to her children and grandchildren after her beloved mate had left her for the Spirit world. Now, she

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told them to her little Chipmunk, the stranger child of her old age, and he had begun to inquire about his parents and the world beyond. Was she to lose him, too, and die alone, as her own kin had left her to do?

One day Coweya brought a rabbit and laid it triumphantly in his grandmother's lap. She looked at him in astonishment that one so young should have captured so fine an animal, and she gladdened his ears with praise. He proudly told her of how he had surprised the animal sleeping, and captured him before he could make his escape. "He tried to get away, Sahya," he said, laughing delightedly, "but I held tight even though he scratched and bit me."

After that he was ever on the alert for game but rarely caught anything, he was so small and weak and had no weapons save rocks or sticks and his own small hands. Still, he had learned of many plants that were good for food or medicine and these he often brought to his foster mother.

On a notable day he entered the ruin of one of the old houses—the one in which his grandmother had told him he was found. He had always shunned it as a house of horror. But on

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this day he felt brave and inquisitive. He boldly stepped through the old door and over the cluttered debris of years. It was a dismal little house and he stood wondering about his parents who had lived there and deserted him.

"Sahya never told me where they lived," he mused, "but it must have been here if this is where she found me. How cruel they were, yet I wish I could see them. They are mine and I am theirs; Sahya says they do not look like her or me, yet they are shaped like us and are human people."

His thoughts were checked and his blood ran cold as a voice called to him. The boy looked fearfully around and was about to flee from the accursed abode when the voice said, "I am calling from the ceiling."

Coweya looked up but saw no one. However, he felt braver after the second call and asked, "Who are you?"

The voice replied, "I am *Cō-pē-tē-ŭngh'*, or *Ungh,* the awl that belonged to your father. I have waited long for you, little Chipmunk, *Sahwode Coweya.* I have magic power and if you will get me I will help you to do many

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things. I am tired of staying here doing nothing for I am a useful instrument and do not like to be idle."

Coweya was now filled with curiosity, and climbing to the ceiling found the awl in a corncob handle. Carefully and with awe he reached for it and descended holding it tightly, frightened but thrilled as Ungh continued to talk to him.

"You have no cause for fear," assured Ungh, "do as I tell you and I will be the best friend boy ever had. Carry me in your mantle on the left side and keep me there except when you care to use me."

Coweya obeyed, placed the awl securely in a fold of his mantle, the only garment he wore, and awaited further instruction.

"I belonged to your father," Ungh repeated, "and he has missed me sorely since he left his old home. I made him forget me that day they ran away like a flock of frightened crows, for I knew they were leaving a helpless babe to die and I wished to be his friend. I knew, too, that he would not come back for me when they were far away, because they believed the pueblo to be be-

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witched and would be afraid to return to its silence."

Coweya was too much awed to answer and Ungh continued, "I am a magic awl and can do many things."

This was interesting indeed and Coweya was bold enough to ask, "What can you do?"

"For one thing," answered Ungh, "when you wish to catch game all you have to do is to point me at the animal. I will go straight to its heart and it will fall."

Here was a marvel indeed. Coweya could not help being doubtful, but he was possessed by a strong desire to try this magic game. Forgetting all fear in his eagerness he pointed his wonderful new possession at a rabbit sunning himself some distance away. Ungh flew straight to the unsuspecting little creature and Coweya ran eagerly to pick up the game he had obtained so easily. Other animals appeared in different places and as the boy walked on he soon had so much game that when he wished to return home and surprise his grandmother he found that he could not carry it all.

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Ungh understood his trouble and said, "Rub me with both hands and I will give you strength."

Coweya obeyed and, replacing the awl in his mantle, he gathered up his quarry and started for home. On reaching that humble abode he stood before his astonished Sahya, flushed with joy. The old woman wondered if she were dreaming as the small boy deposited one after another of his victims on the floor. Then she concluded that some one else must have done this and looked fearfully out of the door for a stranger.

"I caught all," laughed happy Coweya, "and I brought it all home on my shoulders and in my hands."

"But you are not strong enough," said his grandmother. "I do not understand. Has some magic helped you?"

"Yes, Sahya," answered Coweya, delighted at her puzzled happiness, "but I can not tell. It is all right, though, so do not be afraid. I am not playing with evil spirits. It is only good that is helping me."

The old woman looked at him thoughtfully

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and then answered, "I am satisfied, for I know that when a spirit chooses to help a mortal it does not want everybody to know about it."

To herself she thought, "I can soon tell whether it is good or evil that is helping him. If it is good I will be wise and keep silent. Perhaps in the body of this child is a great spirit and he has just found his power." At this thought she was awed at the boy she had saved and trained. "If it is evil," she continued her thought, "I will stop it, and I can."

She then turned to the game and saw in it provision for many days. She would tan the skins for moccasins and other necessities.

A few days later Coweya placed before his foster mother a deer.

She looked at him and asked, "You carried this too?"

"Yes, Sahya, killed and carried," answered the boy. "My friend and helper is your friend and helper too. He says you are a brave and good woman. He told me that so long as I treat him well and am good to you we shall prosper and no harm can befall us."

"Nambiquo is good," answered Green Oak

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PERHAPS IN THE BODY OF THIS CHILD IS A GREAT SPIRIT

Drawn by Juan Cruz

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Leaf devoutly, thinking with satisfaction of her last years being spent in comfort and plenty.

Several years passed. Their dwelling had grown cozy and pretty with rich fur rugs and beds. They both had strong moccasins, leggings, mantles and all necessary clothing to keep them warm. Coweya grew strong and tall and straight. Life had been much enriched by his faithful friend the Awl, but with the passing of the years the boy grew more curious about other people, especially about his parents. He was devoted to her he called grandmother. She continued to entertain him in the evenings with tales as they sat before their comfortable adobe home and watched the glory of the disappearing sun or revelled in the soft night, tawny as mountain lion's skin in the moonlight, or dark and furry like the deer's hair in the starlight. Coweya was happy but like all creatures before entering maturity he was restless and felt the wizardry of adventure in his veins.

One day he told Ungh of his desire to go into the world. But the Awl advised him to be patient and not desert the old woman who had done so much for him and who now needed him. So he

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spent active days in hunting, tanning skins, making rugs, clothing, baskets, beads, and other useful and beautiful things which he had learned from Green Oak Leaf and from experience.

A day came when his foster mother left him, not for earthly adventure, but to join her people in the Spiritland. Coweya was now lonely indeed. After burying her who had so filled his life he felt that earth was a dreary place and wished that he might join her in the land of departed spirits.

Now, as ever, Ungh came to his aid. As the handsome young man sat in sadness before his empty home the voice from his mantle spoke: "You have wished to go out into the world and find your parents," it said, "now is your time to start."

Coweya was filled with new interest in life.

"Will you show me the way?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," answered Ungh and soon they started.

On walked the young Indian until he came to Schuma, the Great Nose, about which his grandmother had told him so many stories and at which he had so often looked from the door of

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their little home. He had even walked several times to the foot of this high mesa but had never ventured to cross it. Now he ascended its rough height. On reaching the top he looked out on the world that stretched beyond and around him, as his Sahya had done many years before. Admiration and awe held him spellbound for several minutes. He remembered his grandmother's description of her wonderful wedding trip. Now he thought deeply of her as he beheld the stretches of mesas and mountains and valleys. He sat on a rock to rest and meditate, threw back his mantle and laid his precious awl beside him absentmindedly.

Two chipmunks attracted him and he watched them playing—little *cō-wē-yă-ā.* He spoke to them and told them that he was called by their name. They were friendly little animals, answered his questions about the mesa and frisked about him hoping that he might have hidden food which would come their way. Seeing that he was not inclined to furnish them with a meal they chattered to one another and ran down the steep cliff. When they came back one of them ran over Coweya's leg and looked

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at him mischievously within arm's reach.

"You seem happy, little creature," said the boy. "It must be great fun to be able to run up and down precipices so quickly and easily."

"It is," answered the little animal and darted after her mate that had perched himself on a dangerously jutting point of rock.

For a long while Coweya watched them and then rose to continue his journey. In changing his position he knocked Copeteungh, and that valuable friend fell to the bottom of a precipice too steep for a human to descend.

"What shall I do now?" wailed Coweya. "My friend, my friend!" he called, "come up to me!"

"One thing I can not do," called Ungh, "is to move myself. That was why I told you to keep me securely in your mantle. But you treated me carelessly and now you are without my aid and there is no telling how long I shall have to lie here. Perhaps forever, or until I rust away."

"Oh, oh!" wailed the stricken boy and the *coweya-a* heard his cries. They paused in their gambols to listen and then ran up to the young man to inquire the cause of his grief.

"My awl," said Coweya, "my best and only

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friend! I have dropped it in this dreadful cavern and it is lost to me forever."

"Human can not go there," said the *coweya-a,* "but we can."

Coweya looked up quickly and exclaimed, "You can go away down there! It is true, but," and he shook his head, "you are not strong and could not carry the awl up to me."

"Of course we can go away down there!" they said, laughing at his helplessness and their own ability to get into all sorts of crevices, no matter how high nor how low.

"Can you bring Copeteungh up to me?" asked Coweya eagerly.

"We can try," they assured him, and as the boy peered over the sheer side of the precipice he could see the pretty stripes of *coweya-a* as they scampered down. Down, down they went until even the keen eyes of Coweya lost sight of them and he awaited their reappearance, nervous for the first time in his life.

After a short time, that seemed a very long time to the watching boy, he saw the little animals ascending but this time they were not scampering. The awl was heavy and they la-

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bored hard between them to keep from dropping it. Breathlessly he watched them come up, up, pause, then move upward again, and once they came so near dropping their heavy burden that the observer felt his heart sink. But Ungh had managed to lodge against a jutting rock and so had saved himself and given his bearers a short rest. They grasped him more securely and again climbed upward. Finally they got nearly to the height where the watcher leaned and he reached down, grabbing his treasure with a firm hand. The chipmunks—little *coweya-a*—heaved their sides in relief and gaining the top of the precipice sat down beside the helpless human they had served.

Coweya did not know how to thank these little friends but he was trying to do so when Ungh spoke and said, "You have served my master and me well and I hope he has learned a lesson that he will not forget. I am very grateful to you, as well as he, and I can reward you."

The *coweya-a* blinked their shining eyes at Ungh and wondered how such an ordinary looking piece of man's workmanship could reward

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them but their little hearts beat happily when Ungh continued:

"You will never lack food and will always be able to evade the enemies that would prey upon you. Not many animals die of old age but you two will live to a very old age and will continue to be as lively and happy as you are now."

Coweya-a had never known of such a wonderful miracle and thought that possibly these grand words might be boasting, but just then a hawk swooped down to them. The little creatures had not been on the lookout for danger and were terribly frightened, but before the vicious bird could grasp one of them in his talons an invisible power turned the wicked claws aside and the *coweya-a* ran over a rock to shelter and huddled together. Then they realized that Ungh had not merely boasted to them. They were protected and would continue to be so. They considered that their labor up the side of the cliff had been the most fortunate act of their lives. Immediately after this they found food that had not been visible to them before.

Coweya again placed the awl in his mantle,

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promised never to be careless again, and pursued his journey.

Over the mesa he went and down the other side—that mysterious side about which Coweya had so often wondered. At last he came to a village, Tsidaga. Ungh told him which was the house of his parents.

The young man had a queer sensation at seeing so many beings like himself going to and fro, all busy about something. He saw houses similar to those of the ruined adobes of his home, but here everything was whole and full of life, while back in the ruined village he knew all was lonely and in ruins. He watched the people a while and those that passed near looked at him curiously. He felt thrilled to be in the midst of so much human activity. He had many times tried to picture deserted Bedagee before the people had left it but never imagined it so alive as this. But it must have been so, he thought, for these were the people who had left it—at least some of them were; the others must be their descendants.

And now his eagerness to see his parents increased, although he felt timid, and was resent-

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ful that they should have fled from the accursed village, leaving him behind them to perish of hunger and cold. But things were as they were, so he nerved himself to go to the house which Ungh told him was that of his mother. He walked up to the open door, looked in and then entered without ceremony. He knew nothing of ceremony. There he saw a man and a woman and knew they must be his parents. They looked at the stranger in surprise but bade him welcome.

"Are you not Wild Flower and River Shore Bird who once lived at Bedagee?" he asked them.

They told him that they were and wondered yet more. There was silence. The hosts were too polite to press the young man with questions but they felt curious about him. At last the boy spoke again and said bluntly:

"I am your son whom you deserted and left to die in the ruins of the forsaken village."

The couple was of course startled by this assertion. River Shore Bird thought that perhaps the boy had come to be revenged. But the mother was so rejoiced to see her only child that she forgot everything else and embraced him, saying:

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"The Great Spirit has blessed me! He has allowed my child to live and come to us."

"Why did you abandon your child if you cared for him?" asked the son, not free from bitterness, but pleased with the sensation of having the mother of whom he had dreamed put her arms around him.

"You were so little and weak," said his mother, "that we thought you would die on the way. We were much troubled at leaving our home and coming to a strange land."

This seemed a feeble excuse to Coweya but resentment was not a strong trait with him. Besides, all other sensations were overpowered in that of possessing real live parents, glad to see him, however guilty they might feel.

River Shore Bird was so conscience-stricken when he saw the fine young figure of his son that he could say nothing. He bowed his head in the blanket he had about his shoulders. Soon, however, the boy was telling of how Green Oak Leaf had saved him and how she had been both mother and father to him. There was much to tell. When Coweya got to his friend Ungh, River Shore Bird asked to see his old awl again.

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The son handed it to him but Ungh said, "I no longer belong to you but to the little boy you left behind. I work magic for him alone."

"It is well," said the father, "but you were my friend once and I like to hold you again even though I can not claim you."

Coweya was so affectionately received by his parents that he forgave them and lived with them as their true son. And the people of the pueblo learned to know him as one of themselves, that is, most of the people.

In the village were some witches with great powers of magic. They grew jealous of Coweya when they found that he could get more game than they and accomplish other things as marvellous, so they sought to destroy him.

"We will make dust of this bold intruder," they said, and challenged him to a race.

The race was to take place in four days and it was agreed that the loser should be turned into dust. Coweya could not refuse to accept the challenge but he did not wish to end his life just when he had learned to know the pleasure of intercourse with other beings like himself. He feared that the witches would overcome him, for

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they were possessed of powers he knew nothing of. He consulted Ungh and that faithful friend took the matter under consideration.

"Ask your mother to bring some yellow corn for you," Ungh said to him next day and Coweya made the request. His mother did as he asked and gave him the yellow meal.

This he took and went into a room which his mother had swept clean and there he remained fasting for three days, with no companion but his trusty Ungh. On the third day the spirit of the awl brought from the magic corn meal a beautiful lithe antelope and told Coweya that here was one who would help him win the race.

Coweya looked at the beautiful little animal and wondered how it could help him but he had faith in the trusted friend and relied on its wisdom. When the fourth day came Coweya got ready for the race. So did the witches. They were quite gay, feeling that the race was surely theirs, and that after it was over they would have the pleasure of trampling on the dust of this interloper.

All the witches were on hand but one who had stayed home with a new baby. She felt certain

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that her sister witches would soon return and tell her the glad news, for she hated the powers of this stranger who had come from nowhere.

Coweya had the antelope for his mascot or charm; his opponents had a hawk. Coweya looked at the swift, strong bird with misgiving for no matter how fleet the antelope might be it could not beat the hawk, swift *Chū-gă'*, who with a few sweeps of his wide wings could outdistance any land creature.

However, Coweya's antelope was no ordinary land creature. It took the situation in hand. As soon as the racers began to run, its powers came to the fore and a heavy rain began to fall. On ran the contestants. On ran the antelope. On flew the hawk, taking the witches along with him. It seemed that the race was lost to Coweya but the rain fell harder and harder until it so soaked the wings of Chuga that they began to droop and the bird finally lost its power of flight. After he lost power so did the witches. But rain did not affect the spirited little antelope. On and on she sped, Coweya with her. As Chuga dropped to earth a helpless creature, Coweya passed the last of the witches and reached the

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goal long before the foremost of them caught up.

So his would-be destroyers were caught in their own wickedness. Instead of turning the young man into *nōm-pah'*, or dust, and so getting rid of him, they themselves became fine dirt. None of their powers were strong enough to save them from their fate. As the rain ceased, all of them were turned into fine earth powder which was scattered by the winds. The whole tribe of witches would have been destroyed had it not been for the young mother who had remained at home with her babe. She saved her race. For, though the power of the witches has become less than it was before that day, because of the woman and her child there are still witches upon the earth.

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THE BOYS WHO WENT TO THE SUN

This is the story told by Sahn Pō'vê, or Corn Silk, as told to her by her aunt.

GRAY CORN was very beautiful and lived with her father and grandmother in a very pretty home in the pueblo. Many young men wished to marry her but Gray Corn refused all of them because she was in love with the Sun and he with her.

One night Gray Corn went out in the yard and saw two little boys playing near her house. They were attractive little fellows and she wished to ask them in but first got permission from her grandmother to invite them. They accepted her invitation and the grandmother gave them food to eat. She asked whence they came and they told her they came from their father in the mountains but did not tell who he was.

The boys stayed all night and all next day.

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Though they did not tell Gray Corn's grandmother, they had come to bring messages from the Sun to his beloved. They found opportunity to do this before they left.

Four days after they were gone Gray Corn bore twin boys, children part human and part god, their father having been no other than the great Sun himself.

The twins grew rapidly. Gray Corn was a devoted mother, loving her children for their own sakes and for their father's. Of course the Sun lived far away from the pueblo, and the two boys never heard of him. But as they played with other children and learned that their companions had fathers who made them bows and arrows, moccasins and other things, they wondered why they also did not have a father to do things for them. After talking about it between themselves they one day asked their mother:

"Why haven't we a father to make bows and arrows and moccasins for us? All the other children have a mother and a father, but we have only a mother. Where is our father?"

Their mother looked sad and told them nothing but their grandmother told them that their

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father lived far up on the Great Mesa, in the house of the Sun.

The twins thought a great deal about this and finally decided to go and find their father. The next day they asked their mother to prepare them a lunch, which she did, thinking they wished to have a day's outing.

The boys took the lunch and starting in the direction their grandmother had indicated, walked four days before reaching the Great Mesa. When they got to the foot of the huge pile of rock they rested and then climbed up its steep side to the top. There they saw a kiva (kē'va) and, being bold youngsters, peeped in. There was only a man with a brilliant countenance in the round building and he called to them to come in. The boys obeyed and when the brilliant person asked what they wanted, they told him that they had come to find their father. The radiant one looked at them keenly and then said, "I am your father."

"You!" and the boys now looked closely, but they felt that he had told them the truth. They were pleased to have this brilliant parent. They told him that they were at last happy, as they

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were the only children in the pueblo who did not have a father living in their home.

"We thought we had no father at all," they said, "until our grandmother told us that our father lived on this Great Mesa."

"So you came to seek me," said the father, pleased at the bravery of such young boys.

"Yes," answered one of them, "we wanted a father as well as a mother. Why don't you come and live in our village?"

The other boy said, "You are so bright I suppose you must live with the Sun. Are you his servant?"

"I am the Sun," their father told them.

At this the little boys were so surprised that they were unable to speak for several minutes. Then, being the children of the Sun, and so bolder than ordinary children, they soon lost their shyness and one of them said, "In our home, fathers make bows and arrows and moccasins for their children. Can you do that?"

Their father smiled and answered, "Yes, I can do that. I will make you bows and arrows and moccasins," at which promise the youngsters were delighted.

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So he made each of them a beautiful strong bow, a quiver full of arrows and a pair of splendid moccasins.

His sons took their new possessions with pride and wished to go hunting immediately but the Sun told them not to be in a hurry. Four days they stayed in the mesa home and then their father told them they might go hunting in the East and South, but not to go to the West or North.

The first day they went to the East and caught game. The second day they went to the South and caught game. The third day they wished to go to the North but their father had told them not to go in that direction, so they hesitated. They wondered why they should be forbidden to hunt there, and the more they wondered about it the more they desired to go North.

They talked about it all day and finally decided that they would go North and see what could be found. So the next morning they took their bows and arrows, wore their beautiful new moccasins and turned their faces to the North. On and on they trudged, finding nothing unusual until they came to a deep canyon. There

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they peeped over the brim and were almost blown away by a terrific wind. "What is this?" they asked each other, and when the wind quieted a little they descended into the canyon.

When they reached its floor they found an old woman. She was blowing so furiously that they shivered and had hard work to keep their feet. But they made their way to her and asked who she was.

"I am North Wind," she said, "and I will blow you out of this canyon. Nobody has any business in here."

They did not like the way she treated them so they shot her with their arrows and killed her.

After the North Wind ceased to blow the earth grew very hot. People and animals suffered terribly from the fierce heat. The boys who had caused this disaster could scarcely walk, they were so hot and exhausted, but they managed to get to the top of the canyon again and back to their father.

The Sun knew immediately that they had done something wrong and questioned them about it until they finally had to tell him. Their father

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was very angry. He scolded them so fiercely and soundly that they soon wished they had not disobeyed.

"Do you want to kill all the people on the earth with heat?" he demanded "Go bring the old woman's body to me!"

Then the boys went through the terrible heat to the canyon. They climbed down into its scorching, yawning mouth. They got the body of North Wind and after a terrific struggle finally staggered with it to their father. He brought the old woman to life again and sent her back to the canyon to do her work. Soon it grew cooler and the perishing people lifted their heads once more and went about their work.

Next day the boys wanted to go hunting again and their father told them they could go if they would not go West. So they started toward the East. When they had gone some distance and were out of sight of their father they began to wonder what strange thing could be in the West, that their father wished to keep them from going there.

They talked about it a while and then one said,

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"Let's go West and find out." That was just what his twin wanted to do so they changed their direction and took the forbidden way.

After they had travelled far they saw lightning and hurried to see if they could find out where it came from. When they got near to the lightning it stopped flashing and the great clouds that had been gathering rolled away. They saw a kiva and went to learn whether or not any one was in it. When they got to the opening their astonished eyes beheld Thunder, Lightning, and Cloud. The giants glared at them but made no move to harm them. Then the boys became bolder and made a rush at Cloud in order to catch him, but Cloud melted away in their hands. Next they tried to catch Thunder but Thunder made such a terrible noise that he frightened the mischief-makers back and out of the kiva. When they were outside all grew quiet again and they lost their fear, so they ventured to peep in the door. The giants were gone but Lightning's bolts lay on the ground, guarded by two keepers, both of whom were asleep.

At once the boys had a strong desire to have

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some of these bolts. They crept softly in and stole two, then ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. As they ran they made lightning and thought it great fun. But when they came to the home of their father they hid the bolts of lightning in the kiva before going into the presence of the Sun.

When the keepers awoke and missed the bolts of lightning they rushed wildly forth to recover them. They were swift runners and soon followed the young thieves to their father's house. They came in demanding to know who stole Lightning's property.

"Did you go West after I forbade you?" the Sun asked the boys.

They were frightened at his stern tone and said "No." But their father knew better.

"You are not telling the truth," he cried angrily. "You have disobeyed me again. First you stop the winds of the earth and now you have tried to play with lightning bolts. Run quickly and bring me what you have stolen."

The boys were ashamed and brought the lightning bolts and the Sun gave them to the

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keepers. They ran quickly back to the West, hoping to reach the kiva before Lightning should return and miss them.

After the keepers were gone Sun turned to his sons.

"Now," he told them, "it is no longer possible for you to stay here. Your mischief is too dangerous—you must go back to your mother. But because of the love I have for you I will give you something to take with you to your village."

Then he made them two very strong bows, some sharp-pointed, beautifully polished and painted arrows, and some beaded buckskin clothes, very rich and strong.

For his beloved Gray Corn also he gathered together rich gifts. Then he bade the boys goodbye, told them to behave themselves and warned them not to shoot anything on the way down the mesa. If they did, he told them, they would find themselves at his door again and he would surely punish them.

They promised, but the spirit of curiosity and adventure was big in these half-god youngsters and when the desire to do something took possession of them they thought neither of prom-

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ises nor punishment. As they went down the mountain many animals stood temptingly near, for the animals on that sacred mesa knew that there was a law protecting them and had no fear of human beings. Down and down went the boys until they had nearly reached the foot of the mesa. There a fine deer stood looking at them and one of the twins said, "We are so near the bottom we can shoot now. We might not find such good and easy game after leaving this mesa."

"True enough," answered his brother, and they shot the beautiful stag before them. No sooner had the two arrows entered the body of the unfortunate animal than the boys stood again before their father's door. It was just as he had said it would be; nevertheless they were greatly surprised.

"So you have disobeyed me again, have you?" said the Sun angrily, and punished them, as he had threatened.

The next day they were sent forth again and a second time they disobeyed orders and shot another animal. Yet again they stood before their father's door and hung their heads as he scolded

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them very severely and told them that they were not worthy to be his sons.

The Sun looked at them, wondering at their daring naughtiness and said, "If you shoot another of my animals on this mesa you will never again see your mother."

Now these boys were devoted to their mother and their father knew it. The thought of never seeing her again made them determine to be obedient. "It was to take game to our mother that made us kill the animals," said one of the twins and the other said, "For we feared we would see none after leaving the mesa."

"Even that is not a good excuse for disobedience," admonished their father, "and if you wish to grow into good men, you must learn to control yourselves. Now, I want you to go home this time, and mark me, if there is any more disobedience you shall be banished from your mother and from your father, too, forever."

"We will obey," promised the twins, more impressed than they had been by other threats, "but we hope to find game after we leave the Great Mesa. May we find something to take to our mother?"

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"If you are obedient everything you need will come to you," promised their father, and he gave them medicine to ward off any evil that might threaten after leaving the mesa.

They had learned that their father did not lie to them and that he would do whatever he said he would. This time they determined to obey every instruction and went all the way down the mesa without raising an arrow to any of the numerous animals that looked at them temptingly from safe shelters or stood daringly in sight staring at the travellers. When they had finally descended to the foot of the mesa and again stood on level ground they were delighted to see many rabbits and other game and soon secured a good supply to take home. When they were loaded with as much as they could carry, in addition to the gifts from their father, they hurried homeward, each step making them more eager to see their beloved mother, when they were suddenly stopped by a huge giant. The twins looked up at him in wonder, thinking that here was perhaps a new adventure, when the giant stopped all romantic thoughts by demanding, "Give me that game!"

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"This is for our mother," boldly answered the youngsters who had held lightning bolts in their hands.

"Give it to me immediately or I will eat you!" thundered the giant.

The possibility of being eaten was an unpleasant one to the small boys who wished very much to live, and this big fellow towered above them looking equal to the threat he made, so they gave up their game and the giant stalked off with it, driving the twins before him.

When they reached his house he told the boys to go in and when they were inside he said, "Wife, here is a good lot of game caught by these fellows who have been up to all sorts of pranks since they left home. We will use the game and after it is gone you must make a big fire in the oven so we can cook the tender young human game also."

"You said if we gave you our game you would not eat us," said the twins.

The giant laughed loudly and replied, "I said I would eat you if you did *not* give me the game. I did not say what I would do if you did give it to me. And even if I had promised, which I did

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not, what is a promise to boys who have broken so many promises themselves? I have taken a notion that you will make a good feast. I will be doing good by ridding the world of two such meddlers."

The boys were so stunned by this misfortune that they did not think of resisting further. Neither did they think of using the medicine their father gave them for time of danger, so they were shut up in a room from which there was no escape. In that strong adobe room they wished they had behaved themselves, for it seemed now that they were to be punished for all the disobedience to their father and the trouble they had caused him.

"If we could just get word to our father he would save us," said one of the prisoners and they both sat in deep thought trying to devise a way to get a message to their great parent, the Sun.

There was no one to be seen in this big house but the giant and his wife and the wife seemed as eager to eat them as her husband. They thought of their mother and their grandparents, which made them very sad indeed. What would their

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mother do if she knew they were to be eaten by a wicked giant? Oh, why did they ever leave home, where they were so happy and did not know it!

A day came all too soon when the big fire was built to heat the oven in which they were to be roasted. The little boys were very miserable. The woman finally came for them and although they first begged and then fought her she carried them very easily for she was powerful and could handle them with as little trouble as she would take in handling a squirming rabbit. She shoved them into the oven and the lads wept bitter tears at thought of giving up life and the dear ones they would never see again.

"Oh Father Sun, help us!" wailed one of them and the other pleaded, "Hear us, Father, and we will be good boys all the rest of our lives."

Just then they thought they heard some one speak and listened.

"Sprinkle the medicine your father gave you on my floor," said the voice, "and the heat will not harm you."

Then the twins remembered the medicine their father had given them. They ceased weep-

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ing and eagerly took it from their belts and sprinkled it on the floor, as the oven had bidden them do.

When they had done this they did not feel the heat of the oven although the giant's wife had made it very hot. It was night when she put them in to cook, saying that they would be just right in the morning.

The twins kept quiet until the giant family had gone to bed and then, very cautiously, they crept out of the oven. The giant pair were sleeping soundly and their only child, a little daughter, was also asleep near her parents. When the boys looked into the giants' bedroom and saw her they thought they would pay back the wicked parents for their intended cruelty to them and at the same time give themselves more time to get away. So they took the little girl up quickly and thrust her into the oven. Then they made their escape from the place and ran as quickly as they could toward their home.

When the giant awoke he remembered the delicate meal ahead of him and woke his wife. They got up and the wife went to the oven to take out one of the Sun's boys.

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She and her husband ate their breakfast without knowing that a trick had been played on them.

Not very long afterward the giant's wife went to see why her daughter slept so long, but could not find her. She looked for the little girl a long time and then she told her husband that the child was missing. They both hunted and called but without success. They became greatly troubled. These giants had been cruel to other people's children but it had never occurred to them that any harm could befall their own child. After hunting her in vain for a long while they decided that she had gone off somewhere and would come back soon.

When the woman later looked in the oven for the other boy she did not find him but saw some beads and bracelets on the oven floor that her own child had worn. Then the awful truth came to her.

The giant father was so furious when he learned of the boys' trick that he started right out to overtake the twins, but their trick had enabled them to have a big start ahead of him. However, almost within sight of their pueblo the giant

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overtook them. He would have killed them immediately, but the boys now had superhuman strength from the magic medicine which their father had given them. They turned and fought the giant. On and on they fought, for their powerful foeman was not to be overcome easily even with the aid of their medicine, and besides, he had magic of his own. They soon found that their blows did not hurt the giant and that gradually he was gaining the mastery over them. As the twins grew weaker and weaker one of them said to the other, as he applied blows that did little harm, "Go to our father and tell him we are in trouble and that unless he helps us we will surely be killed. The medicine will help you to go quickly and I will fight with all my strength until you return. Our father will surely help us."

So the lad ran with all speed to the home of the Sun and told him of their latest misfortune, also telling him that this time they had not been disobedient.

Sun was sorry for his children and of course meant to save them, but he asked severely, "Why was it not enough for you to get away from the oven yourselves without putting in the girl? You

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are as cruel as the giants; why should you beg for mercy?"

"We put her in because we did not want the giant to miss us," answered the boy, "for we knew he would follow us and we hoped to get home before he could find out the mistake and catch us."

The father loved these sons who had given him so much trouble, so he accepted this excuse and hastened to save the boy who was gradually going down under the giant's blows. Any one of these would have crushed him had it not been for the powerful medicine of the Sun.

"In order to overcome this giant," instructed the Sun, "you must strike his heart. That is not in his body but on the side of his mesa, so you must find it."

"Where is it?" eagerly asked the boy.

"His heart is a white stone," answered the Sun, "and it lies hidden on the north side of the mesa in a cave, to which I will direct you. When you find it break it to pieces and your brother will be saved."

The lad hastened to do his father's bidding and in a very short while found the white stone

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heart which had been hidden in order to preserve its owner from danger. He broke it to bits and as he did so the giant who was still fighting his almost exhausted brother fell to the ground dead.

After this the boys went to their father and told him that the giant was dead.

The Sun soon revived them and healed their bruises and again sent them home with gifts, warning them to go straight to their mother, who was grieving on account of their long absence.

"I will bring the giant to life again," their father told them, "because he is needed on that mesa, but this time he will not be fierce to children as he has been before. I will give him a kinder heart than the flinty stone one and you need not fear in passing his mesa. He needed to be checked in his cruelty and you needed punishment for all the trouble you have caused."

"Will you restore the daughter also?" asked the twins, who were sorry for the trick they had played the innocent little girl.

"Yes," answered the king of heaven, "I will restore the daughter and pour kindness into the giant mother's heart also."

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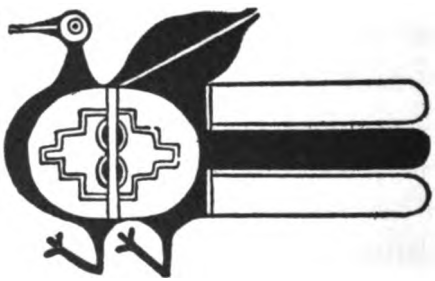
Gray Corn's boys, repentant at last, again started for their home. This time they travelled along like sensible-minded youths and finally reached home in safety.

Their mother and grandparents were rejoiced to see them again and made a feast in honor of their return, for they had given up their children as lost. At the feast the twins told of their wonderful adventures. They became heroes, but always they took their part in the community and grew to be good and useful men. So they lived, working and sharing, until they were very old and had about them many children and grandchildren.



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THE FIRE BOYS

This is a different story of the Sun told by Sahn Pō'vê, or Corn Silk, as it was told to her by her grandmother.

THE Sun was in love with White Corn, so he challenged her husband, Red Flower, to play shinny with him. The one losing the game was to be punished by the winner. Red Flower knew his chance to be poor against the great yellow god, but he was no coward and accepted the challenge. The game was long and Red Flower proved himself a good player but Sun finally won.

The powerful Sun that did so much good for the world, sometimes reversed his power and brought misery to the creatures of earth. He parched their land, burnt their crops and dried the streams. He was also capable of doing harm to people when it suited his purpose to do so.

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And now, when Red Flower lost the shinny game, Sun turned him into a willow tree, so that the poor man would be rooted to one spot. Then he carried off White Corn to his home in the sky.

White Corn and Red Flower had twin boys, whom they called the Fire Boys. When White Corn was forced to accompany the Sun she took her children with her. Now Sun did not want these boys, so he caused White Corn to lose them on the way. But for this she grieved much, and was unhappy even in the brilliant home furnished by her divine husband.

The Fire Boys would have been devoured by wild beasts, as the Sun intended they should be, had not their grandfather found them. He was hunting for food when he heard a wail in the woods. Searching, he found one of his little grandsons. Then he heard another baby's cry and soon came upon the other twin. He took the babes home and their grandmother clasped them in her arms and wept for their mother, the beautiful White Corn, who had been so happily married and so satisfied in her pretty home, with her husband and little boys.

After giving way to her grief for a while the

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grandmother put on water to heat and bathed the babies. She and her husband continued to care for them as though they were their own children and the boys grew and thrived, knowing no parents save their grandparents.

They were bright youngsters and grew to be interested in all their grandfather did. When they were large enough to run and accompany him in the chase they asked him to make them bows and arrows. He did so, and then they went off alone to hunt rabbits. A few months later they asked their grandfather to make them some shinny sticks. These he made also. Then they learned to play shinny well and became swift runners. They learned also to swim. So they passed the days in the open air playing and hunting.

One day, when they had grown to be quite large, the Fire Boys announced to their grandparents that they were going on a long hunt. The old people did not refuse their consent. The grandmother prepared a good lunch for them of corn cake, game and parched corn kernels.

The two boys felt quite important to be going on this hunt alone. As they were leaving, their

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grandfather warned them not to go to the North, telling them that danger lay in that direction, but they made no promises and started out in suppressed glee. No sooner were they out of sight of their grandparents than they began to talk about the North and wonder why they must keep away from it.

"I do not believe that any harm will come to us there," said one of the boys, and his twin was of the same opinion.

"Besides," said the second twin, "we may find strange things and have wonderful adventures."

So they immediately started in the forbidden direction, expecting at every step to encounter something unusual. But all things seemed ordinary enough. When they had walked a long way and met with nothing remarkable they sat down to rest beside a creek. When they had sat there for some time in brooding silence, one of them rose and began to cut a staff from a drooping willow that grew beside the stream.

As soon as the boy had cut through the skin of the branch the Tree cried out and this so startled the Fire Boy that he jumped back in amazement.

"Do not be frightened," said the Tree. "I am

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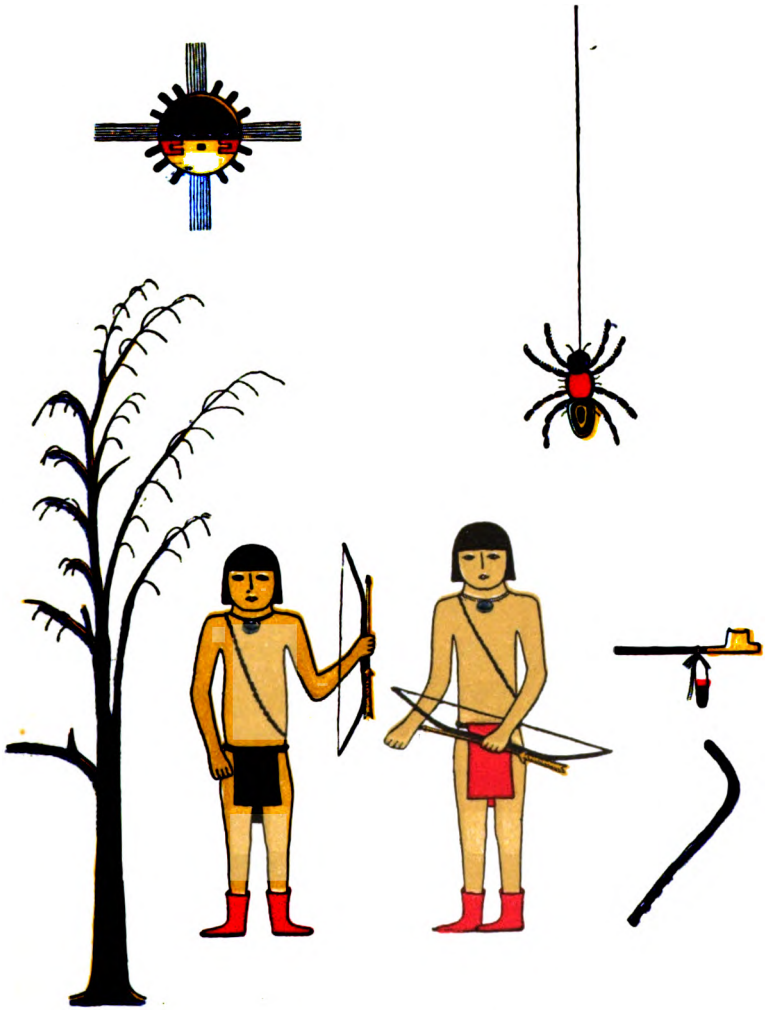

"DO NOT BE FRIGHTENED," SAID THE TREE

Drawn by Awa Tsireh

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your father and hope you and your brother will be able to release me from this dreadful prison."

The boys were astounded. They had often wondered about their parents but whenever they had asked questions regarding them, their grandparents had told them little. All they ever learned was that their father had been killed and their mother carried away. Never succeeding in obtaining more information than this they had ceased to ask questions but had never ceased to wonder. Often they talked about it to one another. Now, a Willow Tree claimed to be their father. They could do nothing but stare in amazement at the talking tree.

"Do not be frightened," spoke the Willow again, and then he told the story of how he had been transformed by the Sun, and their lovely mother carried off and made to lose her little ones.

When he ceased speaking one of the twins asked, "Can we do anything to release you?"

"Yes, you can," answered their father, "but you will have to go to the house of the Sun. Are you afraid to do that?"

They both indignantly denied that they were

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afraid. They were not afraid of the Sun himself when he had acted so wickedly.

"You are my brave boys," came the pleased voice of the Tree.

The Fire Boys were then told to go home and ask their grandmother for sacred meal but not to tell her that they meant to go to the house of the Sun.

"Tell her you are going on another hunt," said the Tree, "for that will be the truth, and that you want the sacred meal to ward off evil, which will also be the truth."

The Fire boys nodded and their father continued, "After getting the meal start on your way immediately. You will pass the house of Mother Spider and she will instruct you further."

When the Fire Boys got home they told their grandmother that they had a sacred mission to perform and asked her to give them some sacred meal.

"It is a sacred hunt," they said impressively.

She wondered, but asked no questions as they said the mission was sacred and she felt sure they were telling her the truth.

She gave them the meal and they started forth,

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praying that they would be successful in releasing their poor father from the enchantment that had held him prisoner through most of their lives. Each understood the determination in the mind of his brother and they walked with firm quick steps. In time they came to the home of Mother Spider. She greeted them cordially, asking where they were going.

They related to her their mission and told her that their father had said she would help them.

"I will do so," assured Mother Spider, and they sat very still, awaiting her instructions. Mother Spider began to weave her plan, and some time passed while she was busy with her thoughts. Then she looked at them and said:

"You will meet a girl when you get near Sun's house. She will be your sister. She has never seen any human being but her mother and does not know that there are other people in the world, so she will be surprised to see you. You must talk kindly to her. She will take you to your mother. When once there I will guide your further actions."

Before Mother Spider dismissed the Fire Boys she gave them a magic pipe. "Use this," she said,

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"when the Sun challenges you to a contest of bread eating. He will order you to eat bread with him. If you put the bread into this pipe it will disappear as though you were eating it. After that ask your mother for a pipe to smoke and when Sun is smoking challenge him to a game of shinny. In that game he will try so hard to keep up with you that he will fall down and then you can take your mother and sister away before he regains consciousness and pursues you. You must be very quick in your actions then for the Sun is never disabled for long at a time. If he catches you it will go hard with you."

The Fire Boys continued on their quest, determined to punish the tyrant who had humiliated their parents. When they had walked a long way the atmosphere around them became brighter. They knew they were near the home of the Sun. Suddenly they saw a young girl walking near them and stopped to look at her. She was very shining and beautiful.

"That must be our sister," said one of the boys.

The girl saw them and advanced, looking at them curiously. As Mother Spider had said, this girl had never seen another human being than

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her mother. These boys, her brothers, were naturally strange to her. They greeted her in a friendly manner but she only stared at them. However, she had learned their language from her mother so she understood what they said and in a little while, overcoming her timidity, talked to them.

They told her their story and she was as surprised and horrified at the strange tale as they had been. However, when they had made her understand that her mother was their mother, she took each of them by the hand and led them to White Corn.

When White Corn knew her sons she clasped them in her arms and cried for joy. But they had not been long together when she heard the Sun coming, so she quickly took the boys to another room to hide them. She had just returned when the Sun strode in, blazing in his might. He stopped at once and sniffed the air and said, "Who is here? I smell human beings."

The mother and sister tried to make him think he was mistaken, but Sun was not to be fooled. He searched until he found the Fire Boys. He brought them out from their hiding place and

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looked at them. He was jealous of the fine looking twins and wished to destroy them so that they might not persuade their mother to return to earth. He pondered on a way to be rid of them without killing them outright. He decided to give them a chance for their lives by setting them a difficult task.

He bade White Corn bring him twelve baskets of bread; he would have a bread-eating contest with the Fire Boys. White Corn was afraid these earth-boys of hers would have no chance in such a contest with the all-powerful Sun. But she was forced to do as the tyrant ordered. She was pleased to note the calmness of her sons as the great baskets of bread were set before them.

Sun gave the order to begin and in a little while, to the astonishment of White Corn and her daughter, the Fire Boys had emptied their baskets and sat back waiting for the Sun to empty his.

The Fire Boys then asked their mother for pipes. As they smoked with the Sun they challenged him to a game of shinny.

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Sun did not like to accept this challenge. He was very old and feared that the boys were more agile than he, but he could not refuse. Besides, was he not the Sun, able to contest with anybody? So he accepted the challenge, meaning to be rid of these intruders for all time.

The game started. When it was well under way one of the Fire Boys tripped their huge antagonist, causing him to fall with a force that shook the earth and disabled him. Then they told their mother and sister to follow them quickly and not to be afraid.

White Corn wanted to be free and see her beloved first husband once more. So she resolutely took the risk and followed her sons. Mother Spider helped them to go swiftly and at the same time kept Sun from recovering until they should be at the Willow Tree and the wicked charm broken.

When the four fleeing people reached the Willow the boys pulled it up by the roots, aided in strength by the magic of Mother Spider. When the roots that had been so deeply planted were above the ground the spell was broken. Their

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father once again walked the earth a free man, happy in the reunion with his beloved wife and manly sons.

The following day was a sultry one. Sun hid behind black and stormy clouds and sent terrific streaks of lightning toward the earth. Thunder seemed to be tearing the universe asunder. White Corn knew that the sky king was giving vent to his anger but she kept in the house with the husband of her youth and the lightning did not strike them. Neither could the Sun burn them up through the thick, cool walls of their adobe home.

The Sun's rage was finally spent. No doubt he sought another bride, for White Corn and her family were troubled by him no more. They lived happily in their pueblo, in the midst of neighbors who were glad to have them back. White Corn's daughter learned the ways of Indian people. She lost the unearthly brilliance she had brought with her from the Sun, and she and her brothers were ever good friends.

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THE FOX SINGS

This is the story told by Năn-å-tchil'-ē, or Bird on Tree, of how the Fox sang for the Washerwoman.

A FOX was sauntering along near an Indian pueblo hunting for food and adventure. He knew there were fowls in the pueblo but he dared not show himself as a hunter lest he himself be hunted. He did not wish that sort of adventure.

Stretching himself out at a safe distance he watched the movements of the Indians as they worked. He also watched the chickens, safe from him, as they scratched for food, cackled, crowed and flapped their wings for joy. As hunger increased Fox became quite furious when the saucy strong-voiced rooster flapped his wings and crowed defiance to the world of foxes. He knew, too, that these same chickens were securely housed at night for he had investigated

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their abode during the dark hours. He tried to plan a way to get into their midst during the day. Then a human sound caught his ear and gave him an idea, which he lay quietly working out in his fox mind.

The woman of the house where the happy hens and saucy rooster lived was washing clothes and as she washed she sang. The harder she rubbed the louder she sang. The fox listened and thought and schemed. Then he chuckled to himself and started forth to put his scheme into operation.

Taking off his clothes he approached the woman, never allowing his hungry eyes to look toward the fowls. They ran screeching at his approach but he ignored them and advanced toward the singer. She soon paused in both singing and washing to see what this intruder meant by coming to her. Her first impulse was to drive him away but he seemed friendly. And as he took no notice of her prized chickens she let him advance.

When he was nearly to the vessel in which she was washing he paused and said, "I came to ask if you will wash my clothes for me; they

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are soiled and I can not wash them myself."

The washerwoman had never had such a request from a beast. But work was work, if he had any money. She asked if he could pay her. He assured her that he had plenty of money so she took the clothes and soon had them in hot suds. He rested at a little distance and she washed silently for a while, keeping a watchful eye on the fox's movements. But as he seemed to be interested only in her and her work she ceased to be suspicious of him.

Finally he spoke and said, "When coming along I heard you singing and enjoyed your song so much that I hoped you would sing it as you washed my clothes."

This pleased the woman so she nodded to him in a friendly manner and continued the song he had interrupted. When she stopped he said:

"That is beautiful. I am sorry you stopped. but I suppose you are tired, so I will sing for you if you would like to hear me."

"I would like to hear you," said the woman, wondering how a fox's song would sound.

So he started to sing but the woman thought it such a ridiculous sound that she could scarcely

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keep from laughing. However, she bent her head over her tub and tried to look pleased. But the fox's *song* got worse until finally he uttered such hideous yelps that she ran away, unable to bear the clamor and disharmony any longer. Shriller and shriller grew the song until she was out of hearing and sight. Then, true to his reputation of slyness, old Fox dashed among the chickens. They had been led by the friendliness of their mistress toward their enemy to think him a safe visitor, and were close at hand.

The saucy rooster escaped the clutches of the villain but two fat hens paid the penalty of their mistress's trustfulness and carelessness. Fox then grabbed his clothes which had been wrung, and with his captives and clean clothing hurried to the woods, just as the foolish woman returned to the post she had deserted, to find two of her finest hens missing and the clothes on which she had labored taken away without being paid for. She was very angry, but what good does it do to be angry when one has been unwise?

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THE BEAR'S TAIL

This is the story told by Ō-coo'-ȧ Mō-ō'-nō, Moving Cloud, as told to him in childhood by his father, Tăm ō pe-ē', or Dawn Mountain

Fox is very smart and very shrewd, as everyone knows. The other animals are aware of his crafty ways and yet they trust him, especially big clumsy Bear, for Fox has a winning way for all his sly tricks.

Fox went fishing and caught a long string of delicate fish. As he was taking them home he met Bear, who wanted to know how he caught all those fish.

"How can I catch some too?" he asked Fox.

"Just sit in the water and stick your long tail out," answered Fox, "and the fish will bite it. Then all you will have to do will be to switch your tail around and take the fish off. It is

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easy and you will get all the fish you wish."

So big clumsy Bear jogged on down to the river and sat down in the water near the bank. A long while he sat there and could hear fish swishing in the water but not one would bite his long tail, although he flirted it out in the water behind him as far as he could. Finally, tired and chilly he went to Fox and told him that he had done as he directed but could not catch any fish at all. "They just pass by my tail without biting it," he said.

"Well, I guess I caught all that were in the river," said Fox. "There will be more in the winter and, anyhow, winter is the best time to catch fish. They bite better when the ground and water are covered with ice. Winter is nearly here and when it comes I will go with you and then we can catch a lot of fish."

Bear did not want to wait but supposed he must and made no complaint. Winter came and all the water was covered with thick ice.

Bear then reminded Fox of his promise to fish with him and the two started toward the river. When they got there Fox bored a hole in the ice and told Bear to sit on the ice and put his long

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tail through the hole. Bear thought that would be a very uncomfortable thing to do but he wanted the fish, so he did as Fox told him, thinking that Fox meant to do the same thing.

"Now, when your tail begins to hurt," said Fox, "that will be when the fish begin to bite. The more it hurts the more quietly you must sit, until the fish bite well. Then, when you can not bear the pain any longer, give your tail a quick jerk and land all your fish. There will be a lot of them."

Fox then went off laughing to himself as he left big Bear sitting on the ice with his long tail hanging in the water behind him. Soon Bear got very cold and his tail began to ache dreadfully, but he sat heroically still and said to himself, "Now the fish are biting."

As the pain grew more severe he said, "I will soon have a string as long as Fox's," and he thought of how he would enjoy those fish after suffering so long to get them.

Colder and colder he grew and his tail hurt so much that he could scarcely bear it, but he thought of the long string of fish and kept heroically still. "I will have so many," he told him-

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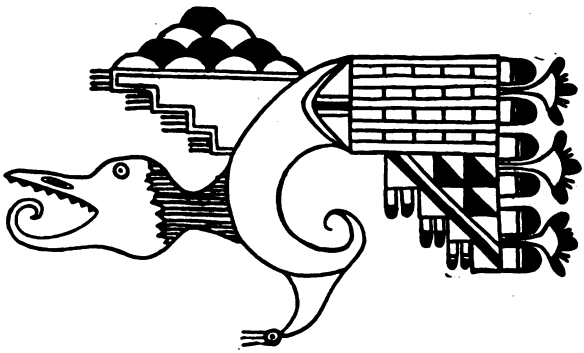
self, "that even Fox will be jealous, for they are biting terrifically."

Finally the pain was so dreadful that Bear could stand it no longer and despite the intense cold that made him numb all over, he gave his tail a quick jerk.

Alas! Instead of landing a quantity of fish the foolish animal jerked his frozen tail off and left it fastened securely in the ice that had formed all round it and held it tightly. Since that time Bear has gone about with only a stump to show where his handsome tail used to be!



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LAZY GIRL AND THE LAKE SPIRIT

Told by Pō'-vê Sangh'wah, or Blue Flower, as told to her by her grandfather.

ONCE upon a time there was a girl who was very lazy. Her mother and father tried to shame her out of her lazy ways but all their talking was of no use. She only defied them and continued as lazy as ever. Sometimes her parents tried to force her to work but she would go off and leave the task as soon as their backs were turned, or she would do it so badly that they would have to do it over themselves.

One day this lazy girl's mother said to her, "I want you to wash these clothes; I have so much to do that you must help; it is a shame for a big girl like you to leave all the work for me to do."

"I do not like to wash clothes," answered the daughter, looking at the pile of soiled clothing.

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"You do not like anything but having your own way and idling around the woods and lake," said her mother. "Now, I am tired of it, and I want you to wash every piece in that pile!"

"I can't," said the lazy girl.

"You can if you will," said her mother, "and this time you must."

As her mother was firmer than usual the girl took a bucket and started for water. She got a pailful but it was not nearly enough for the washing and she groaned at the thought of fetching more water and then rubbing and rubbing away on a lot of dirty clothes for half a day. The more she thought of the work the worse it seemed, so turning her back on the whole business she ran to *Pō-ō qué,* or the Lake, a favorite resort of hers. She sauntered along its shore, looking out over the beautiful blue water and up at the equally blue sky. After walking along for some time she was about to sit down and dream in her usual way when she suddenly saw before her a large *nō tu oó,* or tub.

At first she felt disgusted at not being able to get away from suggestions of work, but curiosity about this suddenly appearing vessel took

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possession of her and she went over to investigate it. When she got close to the notuoo and looked into it she was surprised to see several beautifully embroidered *să'-gàhs,* or dresses, that needed to be washed.

"I wonder whom these sagahs belong to?" said the lazy girl aloud and looked all around. As her eyes came to the lake she stood like stone for to her amazement a beautiful woman rose from the blue water. The woman advanced to the shore and going to the notuoo took out one of the sagahs and began to wash it, singing as she did so:

Po-ō sak-ăl'ă shŭ-dā ped'-å̀-wā
Gä' goo dō-ē sā'gah t-ah' ē-wä-nŭ'

which means in the Tewa language,

I wash the dress, I wash the dress,
I hang it out to dry.

As the beautiful woman sang this song, suiting her words to action, the lazy girl thought she had never heard such a lovely voice nor seen such a lovely person. Work in her hands did not seem work at all, but something very pleasant as well as useful. Again the woman sang the same

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song and continued to work, blending labor and happiness in a way that seemed most delightful.

The lazy girl gradually edged her way to the notuoo and the worker paused to look at her with her lake-blue eyes and sunset complexion.

"Who are you?" asked the lazy girl.

"I am the Spirit of the Lake," answered the beautiful woman, wringing the rich sagah in her hands.

"I love the lake," answered the lazy girl, "but I did not know it had a spirit like you. You are lovely."

"You would be lovely, too," answered the Spirit of the Lake, "if you were not lazy. Your continued slothfulness is beginning to show in your face and you are growing ugly."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lazy girl clasping her hands, "I do not want to be ugly!"

"But you will be, unless you become useful, help your parents, and take your proper place in the pueblo," said the Spirit of the Lake. "Some play is good, but if you become interested in work you will find that is pleasant also, and makes play more delightful than when you play all the time. Try it and see."

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"I think work is good since I saw you do it," said the lazy girl, determining then and there that she would be lazy no more.

"Useful work is good for everybody," said the Spirit of the Lake continuing to wash the clothes.

The lazy girl stood quietly for a moment and then asked, "Whose sagahs are you washing?"

"Yours, if you finish this work," answered the Spirit of the Lake.

"May I wash them in your notuoo and sing your pretty song?" asked the girl who now felt like an industrious person.

"Yes, you may," answered the Spirit of the Lake, "and if you learn that song and work to its tune you will enjoy your labor and be happy in the doing of it."

So the one-time lazy girl went to the notuoo and began to rub one of the embroidered dresses. The Spirit of the Lake sang for her and when she had gone through the song two or three times she became silent and the girl smilingly sang:

I wash the dress, I wash the dress,
I hang it out to dry.

When she had sung the happy song through

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and hung a dress to dry, the Spirit of the Lake said, "Now I will leave you. I hope that you have learned there is pleasure in work and that you will never be called a lazy girl again. When I visit this shore next time I want to hear you called an industrious girl, and if you gain that title you will be a beautiful girl also."

The beautiful Spirit of the Lake then floated out from the shore and the girl saw her sink into the water as mysteriously as she had risen from it.

Lazy Girl's mother was very angry when she discovered that her daughter had run away from work again, so she and her husband set out together to find and punish the child who caused them so much worry. When they were nearly to the lake a happy singing voice arrested their attention and they listened. The voice sounded like their naughty daughter's, and when they distinguished the words they looked at one another in surprise.

"That can not be our child singing so happily of work," said the mother, and the father declared with set lips, "Since she can sing so glibly of washing a dress, we will see that she works as well as sings."

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They went toward the voice and stopped in amazement to see the girl washing as industriously as one could possibly wish, while she sang as happily as a bird.

"What does it mean?" said the mother staring hard, "and where did she get those beautiful sagahs?"

They walked close to the notuoo, and when the daughter saw them she straightened up and smiling, said, "I am Lazy Girl no longer; I am now Busy Girl, and when I finish this pretty dress I am going home, get all our soiled clothes and wash them clean. I have seen the Spirit of the Lake and she has taught me to love work."

Her parents felt very grateful for this and turned to the lake to give thanks to the Spirit who had brought to them this blessing, for their lazy daughter had been a trial to their souls.

So the naughty child became the most industrious girl in the village. She was always happy at her work, often singing the washing song that had been taught to her by the Spirit of the Lake.

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THE MAKING OF THE BUFFALO DANCE

This is the story told by Hwä'-pê, or Red Tail, as told to him by his father.

A LONG time ago—a very long time ago—before white people knew this continent and when the Indian race was young, Pä-sā-yā'-woo, he whom the far southern Indians called Montezuma, came to Pōv'ê Tsā'-ē Ōwin'g, or White Flower Town, where many Indians lived. There are almost none there now, and the town is called Pojaque, for this is what the Spaniards called it when they came.

The Indians of the village had not learned much then for life was new, and it takes many hundreds of years for people to learn how to live. They ate only herbs, roots and the sorts of small animals they could catch with their hands or kill with a rock. In those days they had made for themselves no weapons nor knew that they could do so.

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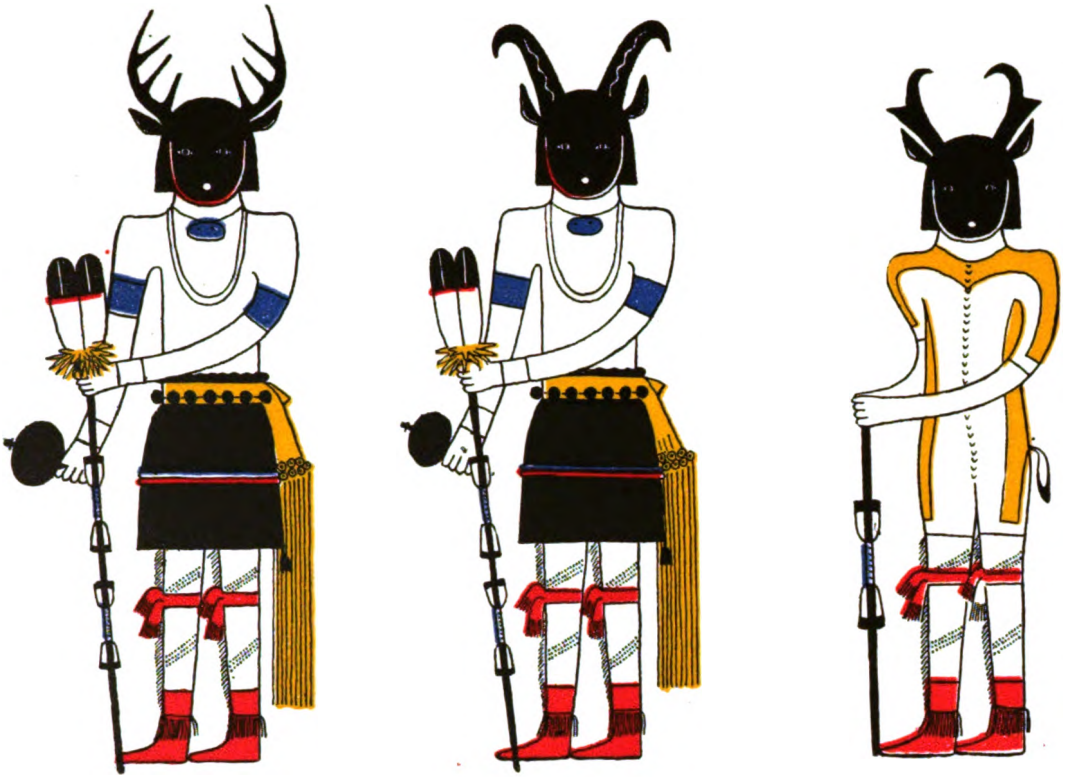

THE BUFFALO DANCE

Drawn by Awa Tsireh

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Pasayawoo came down to these people, stayed with them four days and nights and taught them many things. Before his coming the people had seen buffalo, deer, and other big animals, but they did not know how to obtain any of them. They were much afraid of bears and all the fierce creatures that sometimes destroyed their children and occasionally grown people as well.

Pasayawoo made bows and arrows for the people and then taught them how to make them for themselves. He taught them also to use these useful weapons. The people were delighted when they found out they could destroy big and dangerous animals and obtain them for their own use.

When the people had learned to use their new weapons successfully the god raised his right hand one sunrise, and at the gesture buffaloes, deer, and other game came to the village in great numbers. Pasayawoo then let his arrows fly and killed many of the animals.

The god then taught them that the buffalo would supply many human needs. So the people loved this big game animal instead of merely fearing it. Its flesh gave food, its bones, teeth,

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and horns gave them material for many useful things and for ornaments, while its hide furnished them with tepees, clothing, or, with the hair left on it, big comfortable rugs for beds and rich robes to keep out winter's stinging nettles.

Only four days Pasayawoo remained with the people, but in that time he taught them so many useful things that life opened anew to them. He also taught them the Buffalo Dance, which is one of the greatest dances of the Indians to this day.

At sunrise the dance begins, the time just before broad day, when the god long ago brought the first big game to the village. Shaggy heads of the buffalo cover the heads of some of the dancers. They come to the village, accompanied by dancers dressed as deer with antlers, that stalk forward on four legs, the front legs being supplied by rods held in the hands of the men who represent those animals. Little boy antelopes also trip in with their yellow backs and white bellies and little forefeet, managed as the deer manage theirs.

The hunters, who have been calling since long before daylight, come in over the hills, and all

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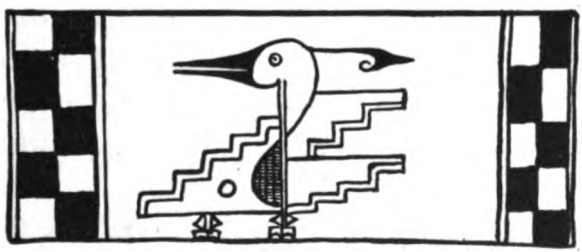
assemble at the village boundary. There women join the men, sprinkle the sacred meal and soon after this the first dance of the day's four numbers is enacted. The dance is stately and full of meaning for the Indians, as a dance handed down from Pasayawoo must be.

All day the Buffalo Dance celebration continues and people come from afar to see the dramatic performances. To the uninitiated spectators the dances are merely drama, but to the Indians they are a great memorial service—a service which they love and revere, as other nations the world over love and revere the memorials and traditions of their ancestors.



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THE GRASSHOPPER

This is the story told by Pau'sā, or Cane Growing in Water, of a woman who was kind to a grasshopper.

ONCE upon a time a woman had a garden of lovely sweet peas, and she was very proud of the beautiful blossoms. One morning she went into the garden to gather a bouquet of the flowers and as she picked them she heard someone singing on the roof of her house.

Looking up she saw a grasshopper and asked, "Who is singing so sweetly on my house?"

"I don't know," answered the grasshopper.

"I believe it was you," she said, but the grasshopper still denied it, as he did not know whether the woman liked his song or not.

Now the woman thought the song she had just listened to was the sweetest she had ever heard.

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THEY WERE TRANSFORMED INTO SNAKES
ONE BLUE AND ONE YELLOW

Drawn by Po-e-canu

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She believed the grasshopper had sung it, despite his denial, so she said:

"If you will sing that song for me again I will give you my whole garden of sweet peas, so that you may come here for food anytime you wish. Then you will never be hungry."

This pleased the grasshopper very much for he had been compelled to steal his food from these luscious flowers before, and was kept busy hopping out of the way whenever the owner of the garden made her appearance. He knew from that generous offer that she liked his song, too, and that pleased him greatly.

With these assurances he was made happy and sang more sweetly than ever. The woman was delighted so he sang many times for her, until she was satisfied and went home.

"You may live in my garden always," she told Grasshopper. She was glad that he was to make his home so close to her, for she thought his lively presence and sweet singing would add to her joy in life.

When the woman was in her house the grasshopper stopped singing and called all the grasshoppers to come to his new home and have a

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feast with him. When they were all assembled—hundreds, yes, thousands of them—Grasshopper said proudly:

"This is my own garden, given to me by the woman who planted it, so I have invited you to come and enjoy it with me."

They all fell to eating and the garden became a noisy place, not with sweet singing, but with the nibbling of such a vast feasting army. The woman came out to see what this new and extraordinary noise was—this great buzzing, sawing noise that almost deafened her, and she was shocked to see the grasshoppers and find that they were destroying all her lovely flowers.

"I gave the garden to you only," she called to the grasshopper who had sung to her. "Why are you destroying it? Neither you nor I can enjoy it now."

"Well," he answered, "it is mine, isn't it? I can do as I please with my own. I like my friends and invited them to have a feast with me in honor of my new possession." He fell to eating again, and the other grasshoppers, who had stopped a moment to listen, also went on with their feast.

The woman could not drive them away, as she

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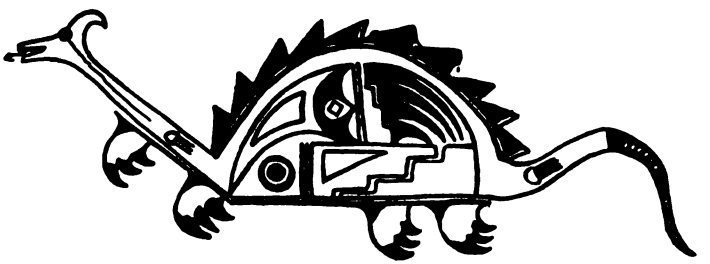
had given the garden to the grasshopper, and soon the destroyers had eaten all the beautiful flowers she had prized. Then they flew away. The woman was left behind with a waste of bare ground, grieving for the loss of her garden and the ingratitude of grasshoppers.



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THE SINGING SPRING

Told by a Tewa Medicine Man, P-o p-en, or Mountain, as told to him by his father.

ONCE when my father was a boy he went with his grandmother over to a spring on the bank of the Rio Grande, where early every morning they got their water. That spring was much used by our people in those days, when there were no wells or hydrants in the pueblo; but overflows of the river washed it away long ago. They called the spring P-ō′-kă-ā′-yā, or River Spring.

On that particular morning when Father and his grandmother went to Pokaaya the sky was so blue and the air so clear and pleasant that they sat silently beside the spring and felt happy in the great stillness. As they sat there my father heard a song that sounded very sweet to him. He listened in wonder as he could see no one near.

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Neither was his grandmother singing, and he could not understand where that beautiful song came from, but it continued and thrilled his whole soul.

Yō mă yī ō yă
Yō mă mă măn tă
Jī jā lō lō măn tă

Thus sounded the song in the clear air, not once but many times, so many times that Father learned it as he listened.

When the singing stopped he asked, "Did you hear that song, Grandmother?"

"Yes," she answered and smiled as though it had pleased her.

"Who sang, Grandmother?" then asked Father and she told him that it was the spring.

"Oh!" exclaimed Father, "I did not think it was P-okaaya. How can a spring sing like an Indian, Grandmother?" and he leaned over to look into the sparkling water. As he did so the song burst forth again and filled him with such happiness that he danced for joy, while his grandmother smiled at him. She loved the song too.

That afternoon Father, although just a little

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boy, went to the council meeting to tell of the wonderful song he had heard and sing it for the assembled men. They listened attentively and were so pleased with the new melody that they asked where he had learned it.

"I went to the spring early this morning with Grandmother," he told them, "and P-okaaya sang this song for us. Do you like it?"

"It is wonderful," said the old men.

The young men agreed with them and had my father sing it many times for them.

The song pleased the Governor and councilmen so much that they gave a dance which lasted four days in honor of the new song that had come to the people. My father sang it each day and all the people of the pueblo learned it.

I heard Father tell this many times and once when I was a big boy—almost a young man—I laughed as he told it and said, "I wish I could hear the spring sing that song."

Father looked at me sternly and said, "That is the trouble with you young fellows; you will not believe unless you see. Do you believe I am not telling the truth?"

"I believe what you say," I said, "I only said

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I wished I could hear the song sung by the spring."

"Why did you laugh?" asked Father then.

"I laughed because the song makes me happy," I answered, and Father was satisfied.

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THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

This is the story told by Ō-nĕ'-a Pō'-vê, Lady Flower, as told to her by her grandfather, Wåm-pē-ing', or Jamez Mountain.

A LONG time ago there was a gambler living in Tähunbäh'ä, an old pueblo that once existed east of San Ildefonso. Sometimes he made a good deal of money but would gamble it all away. He would even wager his clothes and take things out of the house and lose them.

His family scolded him but he paid no attention to them. He kept on squandering all he could get his hands on. Finally his people became so tired of it that they wanted to get him out of the way. The gambler had a beautiful coral necklace, the only valuable possession left in his house. The family decided that if he gambled that away they would take his life. There

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seemed no other way to cure him or gain peace for themselves. They hung the necklace where he could see it, determining among themselves that if he took this last treasure of the household they would surely get rid of him.

Sure enough, the gambler saw the necklace, and it was not long until he took it and gambled it away as he had so many other possessions. His relatives were now ready to carry out their plan of destroying him.

But the gambler had a pet turkey that loved him very much. She was his constant companion and the one thing he would not gamble. The turkey heard the family plotting to kill her master. When he took the necklace and lost it the turkey told him that his people meant to destroy him.

"We must not go to that house any more," said the turkey, "but must go far away and find a house for ourselves where we can live safely."

The man knew that his family hated him and would do what they threatened, so he and the turkey went to the river. The man made a boat out of a tree trunk while the turkey kept watch for any appearance of danger. When the boat

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was finished and pushed into the river the turkey advised:

"You guide the boat and I will sit on top so I can keep a lookout for a good place to stop. Then I will take you to a good spot to make a home."

The man agreed to this. They started down the Rio Grande away from the hated pueblo where the man had gambled away all his possessions. The turkey was glad to get him away. On and on they rode through the pleasant water, enjoying the refreshing air and beauty of the banks. When a long distance had been covered the turkey flapped her big wings and bade the man stop. He stopped the boat, pushed it to the bank and they got out. Up a high mountain the turkey led the way until she came to a level, fertile piece of ground. She paused, saying, "Here is a good place for a home. We will be safe all by ourselves in this delightful place."

"Maybe," answered the man looking around, "but I see nothing for us to live on."

"Of course we will have to make a living," said the turkey, "and I have planned all that."

"You have?" and the man looked at his pet curiously.

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"You make a house and plough that piece of ground," she directed, "while I go to the Sun and ask him for seeds to plant."

With this astonishing announcement the big bird flew away and left her master alone. He felt outcast and sad. But after looking around a while he selected a spot for their little house and went to work. All the rest of that day he worked. By night he had a good shelter for himself and his bird. That night he slept well and woke next morning hungry but with nothing to eat. After searching around he found some roots which appeased his hunger a little. Then he ploughed the ground so as to have it ready for the seeds the turkey would bring.

When the faithful bird got to the Sun's house she could not go near the Sun himself. He was so fiery that she was afraid of being burnt. She peeped in at the door of the room from which the Sun's rays issued. As she did so the top of her head was so badly burnt that turkeys' heads have been red ever since.

The Sun sent a servant to heal the head of the visitor and to inquire what she desired. The turkey told how she and her master were starting a

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home in the mountain wilderness and needed seeds to plant so they might make a living.

The servant then told Sun all the turkey had said. He, ever ready to help the industrious, sent corn, squash and watermelon seeds. The bird gratefully accepted the seeds and immediately took them to her master.

When she saw how well he had worked she was very happy. She knew that all he needed to break him of his disastrous gambling habit was to have the temptation taken away from him.

"Now we have a good home," said the turkey. "Here your life will not be in danger and you will be satisfied, I am sure. Here is an abundance of seeds the Sun gave us, and more corn for food until our crop comes on. We must plant right away so that there will be more by the time our present food gives out."

They made holes where the man had dug. They put in their seeds; the corn in two long rows, squash in a patch to itself, and the watermelon seeds in another patch. After the planting was done and the house finished as nicely as the man could make it they tended their garden every day. The man cultivated and watered it and

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Turkey watched the plants from the time they began to sprout. She destroyed bugs and worms and kept away other little creatures that might spoil the crop.

One evening as they were sitting before their house they saw a fire burning in the distance. They wondered who could be there but did not go to investigate. However, next evening they saw smoke issuing from the same place and the man said:

"To-morrow I will go and see who burns a fire; there must be some one living over there."

The next evening when they saw a fire glowing in the same spot the man said, "Now I will go over and find out who our neighbor is."

Turkey did not want him to go. She was so satisfied with their new life that she did not want another person to come in and spoil it, so she said, "I know who lives over there; it is a woman. She will give you food, but there will be poison in it and then you will die. I did not bring you away from one danger to get you into another."

"I will care nothing for the woman," answered the man, "but it will be nice to get more food for us until our crop is gathered."

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Turkey thought that would be nice too, so she said, "Well, take the food, but do not eat it until you have taken off the top. The bottom of it will be all right."

The man then went over to the fire and there, as the turkey had said, was a woman at work. She was a good-looking woman dressed in a handsome dress of well-tanned and very prettily decorated buckskin. She was so busy washing buckskin in the spring by her home that she did not notice the stranger until he spoke. Then she looked up. She was very much frightened. She had never before seen a man. She got up and stood looking at him in wonder, but as he spoke her language and was very gentle she felt reassured and soon liked this new being who had come into her home uninvited.

After they had talked a while and become acquainted she offered him food. He thanked her and saw that it was well-cooked mush, very appetizing. However, he remembered what Turkey had said about poison. He removed the top of the mush and threw it away. The woman looked at him curiously, not knowing that he had been cautioned about her food by a jealous

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turkey. She watched him eat and was glad to see him enjoy his meal. She said nothing about him throwing away what she considered the best part of it; she concluded that was his way of eating. He enjoyed the rich mush and took some of it home to his turkey, which pleased the woman.

Next day the man went again to see his neighbor. He continued to go nearly every day after that. The woman lived at the bottom of a great cliff and had a very comfortable home with a rock corral, where she kept deer, antelope and buffaloes. She showed her new friend the animals. He told her of his turkey, squash, corn and melons that were nearly ready for use. All of this interested her.

The man liked the woman and kept going to see her, and she liked him so much that she became very friendly.

The woman's animals had all looked upon her as their mother because she had brought them into existence by her magic. They loved her better than anything else and were glad to furnish her with clothing and meat. But they had never seen another human being until this man came

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along. They were jealous of him for taking so much of their mother's time.

At the man's home Turkey was jealous of the woman, and sulked and would not be happy. The man loved his turkey very much and was grateful to her for saving his life, but he had learned to love the woman a great deal more than his pet. The woman in the same way had learned to love him better than she did her animals.

Finally the man told the woman of his love and she told him of hers, and they were married.

Then the animals said to their mother, "You have a man; you love him better than you do us who were made by your magic. So you must let us go free. We do not like to be neglected for some one else."

"All right," said the woman, "I will set you free."

She opened the corral so that they could go wherever they pleased. She was so happy with her new companion that she did not love the animals as formerly. Also she was sure that if she kept them she would be forced to hear them complain continually.

As the animals were leaving they said, "Now

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you will be hungry and thirsty and will lack clothing. The only way you can supply yourself in future will be to hunt us."

Ever since that time people have got hungry and thirsty and have grown ragged for want of skins to clothe them, and they have been forced to hunt the animals. Always the animals try to elude their pursuers, but they have so multiplied and spread over the earth that from the many some can be taken.

The man and woman went to his home and gathered the squash and corn and watermelons, which the woman enjoyed greatly. She had never had such food before. When Turkey saw them harvesting the crop she was angry. She had worked to raise the corn and vegetables and the woman had done nothing. Turkey was very jealous and afraid, too, for she knew that the man loved the woman so much that if she ever got hungry and there was no other food he would kill his faithful turkey, so she flew away and they never saw her again. The man missed his pet but he would have missed his wife more, so he did not grieve. The turkey said that this was man's ingratitude. There were other turkeys in the for-

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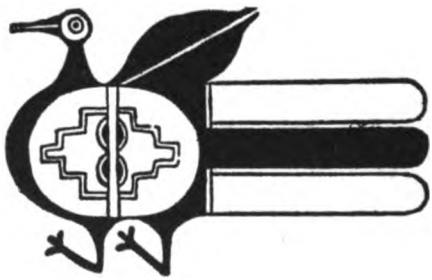
ests and the man sometimes caught them for food.

The man and woman lived together until they were old and were always happy with one another. They had many children and so started a new tribe of people that flourished and have descendants to this day, although it was very, very long ago that the man and woman made a home together in the mountain wilderness.



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THE BIG SNAKE OF PECOS

This is the story told by Hwă'-pē, or Red Tail, as told to him by his father, Tah-mō-p-ē', or Sun Mountain.

THIS tale was told to me by my father about the Snake of Pec'-os. He told it to me when I was a little boy. Many years afterward at Glorietta, I talked to an Indian who came from Pecos. I told him this story and I asked him if it was a Pecos story. He said, yes, and that he had heard it a long time ago when he was a little boy, and many times since.

Once the people of Pecos were in great need because of a terrible famine. The men of the village were holding a Council meeting to devise some means of relieving their great distress. The Governor of the pueblo made a prayer to the Great Spirit. He asked Him to look down on His children in mercy and not let them starve.

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Then the warriors sat in silence for some time, wondering and hoping. Suddenly there was a gliding noise near the door, and as the men looked to see what it was that had broken the holy silence, a very large serpent, or P-ăn'-yu glided into the kiva.

These men had been trained not to show surprise or fear, but the appearance of this huge reptile was enough to disturb even a serious council of Indian warriors.

"Have no fear," spoke the unbidden guest, "I will not harm you; if you will do my bidding I will be your friend."

The men were reassured. They thought the serpent, knowing their language and speaking in such a friendly tone was no longer to be feared. So they asked what it was that he wished them to do.

"You are in trouble," said P-anyu. "I can help you if you will take care of me. You must see that I have a good bed to rest upon and plenty of food."

"Snake," said the Governor, "we will be glad to do that if you will help us out of our difficulty.

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Just now we have not food enough for ourselves; but if you will bring us help we will surely serve you in every way we can. What will you do for us?"

"I have the power to grant any wish you may make," answered the serpent. "And if you will care for me as I direct you, you will never know want again. Food will be yours in abundance; and you and your families will be clothed in beautiful furs, kid, or cloth, as you desire. Your children will grow and prosper; all shall be well with the Pecos people."

There were murmurs of approval and pleasure at these words. But there were a few doubting ones who wondered if all this prosperity could really be brought about.

"If you doubt me," said P-anyu, curling himself comfortably in a large shallow basket against the wall, "make a wish now and see whether or not I can grant it."

That seemed fair enough. There was a deep silence, such as only a council in an Indian kiva can know. The serpent seemed to sleep in the pretty bed he had appropriated.

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Finally a sage of the pueblo spoke from the folds of his blanket, which was wrapped closely round him in the chilly room, and said:

"My wish, P-anyu, is that food enough for our starving people be immediately set before us."

Snake raised his head, hissed at them and settled into his comfortable position again, seemingly indifferent. But no sooner were his glittering eyes closed and his head settled on his own coils, than the astonished eyes of the warriors rested on piles of food such as they had not seen for years. The men looked gratefully at their benefactor, bowed in reverence to his supernatural powers. They were soon carrying food to their loved ones, who were as happy to receive it as the bestowers were to distribute it. There was great rejoicing in Pecos at that time.

When the men returned to the kiva P-anyu raised his head and thrust out a long forked tongue. This was his snake smile of satisfaction. The men thanked and petted him and promised to care for him so long as he would condescend to live with them.

"Very well," said the serpent uncoiling himself and crawling out on the floor. When he was

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in the center of the ring of the Council that had again taken its place in the kiva, he sat on his tail and his mottled body swayed upward in an almost terrifying manner. The men were sure he was preparing to speak to them and awaited his words.

"You have never asked me what my care consists of," he said, hissing around at the members and thrusting out his forked tongue in a hideous manner.

"You said you must have a comfortable bed and be well fed," answered the Governor.

"Yes," said the snake, hissing louder than ever, "but care of me is not quite so easy as that."

"We are willing to give you the best care in our power," assured the Governor. The snake's glittering eyes turned to him. As the Governor's eyes met that gaze he shuddered a little and a cold chill ran down his back, despite his gratitude. But he only nodded his head in token for Snake to continue his demand.

"There are certain conditions that must be met," said the wily reptile, "or my help will be withdrawn and your misery be greater than before."

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A deep, muffled "Huh!" was the general response to this and silently the wondering men waited.

"I must have a keeper," continued P-anyu, "that will attend to my daily wants."

"We are more than willing to furnish you with a keeper," assured the Governor, at which the Council nodded approval.

There was another deep silence and P-anyu swayed again in his towering height before he responded to this. He seemed to be endeavoring to mesmerize his listeners with his terrible gaze. Their eyes followed his in awed expectation.

"Once every moon," finally pierced his voice, "a little boy must be given to me for food."

These dreadful words seemed to complete the spell that was working on the men, and they sat in dumb silence. At length an old man shook off the magic of the serpent and said severely, "That is very dear payment, P-anyu."

"You have accepted my offer to help you," hissed P-anyu angrily, "and have already appeased the hunger of yourselves and your families from my bounty."

This was true but they had not known then

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that they were sacrificing the little sons of their pueblo.

"Is there not some other way that we can serve you?" asked the Governor. "We will work for you and do everything possible for your comfort; only spare our children; our future depends on them."

"There is no other way," said the serpent, and his voice was as hard as flint. "You talk of the future. There will be no future for your pueblo if you all starve. Is it not better to let one go occasionally than lose the whole village? You have accepted my offer to help you and save your people. Now you must meet my conditions or bring calamity to your homes."

This was a terrible blow. But after discussion and prayer, the Council knew that the snake had the power to help or harm them, and they believed that he would bring dire calamity if they refused to agree to his demand. So they agreed, each member of the body secretly hoping that something would happen to prevent the fulfilling of the terrible bargain. The first sacrifice would not have to be made for a month. That seemed a long time off.

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Every morning a wish was expressed to the serpent and he granted it, and the village which had so lately been stricken with famine became more flourishing than it had ever been. The people were so happy that they gave great feasts and danced beautiful dances, with P-anyu an honored spectator. Sometimes he wound among the dancers and enjoyed the festivities with them, but every few days he disappeared and nobody knew where he went. However, he always returned and took up his abode in his kiva home.

But time came when rejoicing was turned to woe in Pecos. The new moon, which hitherto had been hailed with delight, now told the people that their first sacrifice must be made. P-anyu was firm in his demand. The people dared not refuse after all the blessings that had been conferred upon them. So a little boy was given to the creature. The tyranny of the snake had begun at last. The people mourned as they had never mourned before.

As months went by and each claimed its victim the people ceased to rejoice over their abundance. The men and women were always sad. They cared not for the plenty which was theirs.

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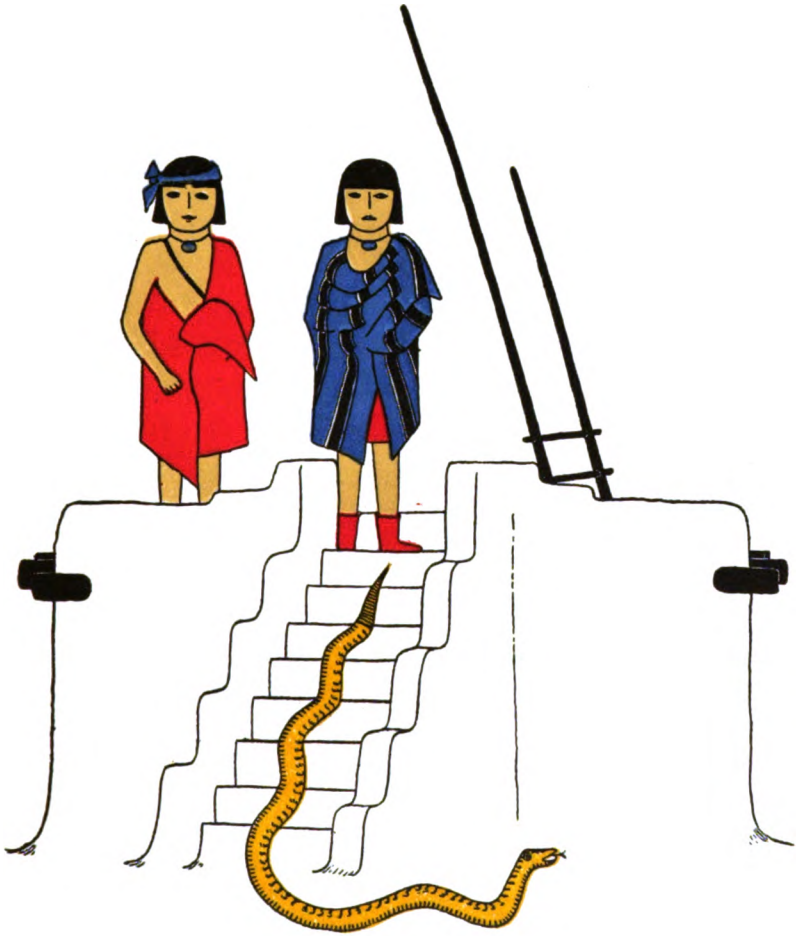

HE GLIDED OUT OF THE KIVA

Drawn by Awa Tsireh

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Those who lost their little boys wished that they too might die. Finally the mothers had a meeting. When it was over they told the men that the serpent must be driven away or there would be no more little boys in that pueblo.

How could that be done? The men called a secret meeting in the Governor's house, during one of P-anyu's absences. They tried vainly to devise some way to do the bidding of their women.

After this gathering the medicine men and the women had a meeting and put both wits and magic together to get rid of the monster in their midst. One old woman, wise in her reflections, said:

"Let us simply refuse to give the next sacrifice and see what will happen. I do not believe the tyrant can harm us much. We are in the right to wish to save our children. Our combined magic and medicine may thwart him if we work with all our might and trust to the Great Spirit to save us."

There was silence after this daring suggestion and then a wise old man said:

"Our mother is right. What greater harm can

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he do than take our children? That will destroy our pueblo quite as surely as famine or disease. Let us stand together and refuse his next wicked demand."

So when the next new moon showed its graceful curve in the midst of a colorful sunset and the big serpent was gloatingly awaiting his victim, he was informed that there would be none.

At this defiance the eyes of P-anyu shot fire and the men who were bearers of the message expected to be stricken dead, but they held their ground and watched the mottled body swell with fury. P-anyu darted at first one and then another, but it was in vain that he struck. The messengers were protected by the magic of the medicine people. These had come with them, determined that if necessary they would fight the monster to the death.

P-anyu worked himself into such a rage that he lost his reason. He realized that at last good was working against him, and he lashed his great tail, shot poison into the empty air, and writhed his swollen body. Then he glided out of the kiva and out of the pueblo, making a deep

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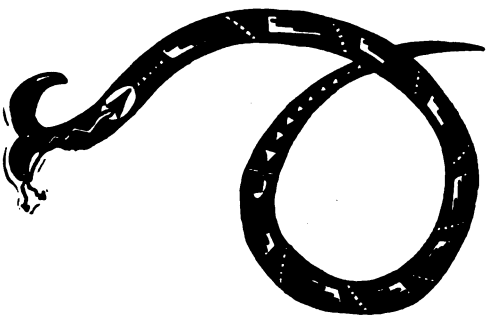
track as he angrily pushed his way through the sand.

Later there was again calamity in the pueblo. It became so severe that a few men followed the serpent. They believed that he had brought the evil upon them, and hoped to placate him. But though they went far they never found him. All they could discover was his track. In his anger he had ploughed deeply into the earth, leaving where he had passed a furrow like the bed of a dry creek or arroyo.



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THE PARROT GIRL

This is the story told by Cō-wē-yā', Chipmunk, as told to him by his mother. This story was told in Indian by Cō-wē-yā', and made into English by Tähn-tă-sähn' or Sun Clouds, the wife of his brother.

THE Cacique's (Că see' kē's) son became restless. He wanted to go on a journey. After thinking about it for several days he told his parents of his desire and asked his mother to prepare him a lunch and let him go. The parents considered his request and, deciding that he was old enough to see something of the world, gave their consent.

"When do you want to leave?" asked his mother.

"As soon as possible," answered her son.

"And where do you wish to go?"

"I want to go to the land of Parrots, Yē'-ah,

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(this is the name for Mother in Tewa). Give me a good lunch for it is a long way," said the boy.

"Yes, it is a long way," said the mother, "but I think you can find the land and I am sure you will be a good boy."

She put up a bounteous lunch for him, and Tä-dä, which in Tewa means Father, gave him a magic eagle feather to help him descend and ascend steep cliffs without danger.

The young man promised his parents that he would remember all their teachings for good and went forth with a light heart. Through the valley he passed and finally came to the cliffs that for a long time had excited his curiosity and his desire to ascend and cross them. He found these cliffs very rough and dangerous but his magic eagle feather helped him to reach the top of the jagged mesa and also to descend to the bottom on the other side in safety.

On reaching the bottom of that difficult mesa the Cacique's son stood up and looked around at the new valley into which he had descended and up at the rough crags and steeps that stretched formidably above him. A rabbit looked at him curiously and the young man saw with

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surprise that the little animal showed no fear. A moment later he was even more surprised when the rabbit spoke to him and asked where he was going.

"I am going to the land of the Parrots," answered the youth. "Am I going right?"

"Yes," nodded the rabbit. "Why are you going there?"

"Because I love Parrots," answered the Cacique's son, "and I have always wanted one. I mean to try to get one to take home with me. Do you suppose I can?"

The rabbit nodded at this and went off, and the Cacique's boy pursued his way.

After walking a long way he came to a spring and sat down to rest. As he sat there enjoying his new surroundings he saw a Parrot passing by and said to himself, "I must be nearing Parrot Land."

He watched the gaily feathered bird disappear. Then he quenched his thirst at the spring and ate more of his lunch. He went on farther and now approached Hō-pĭ Land. When near that big settlement he saw many Parrots flying about. As he advanced they became more and

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more numerous, until finally he came to their home. At last he had reached the pueblo he had so long desired to see. He stood looking at the gay birds for some time. Finally they began to notice him and wonder what he wanted there. A friendly bird stood near and the Cacique's boy asked him where the Governor of the Parrot Village lived.

The friendly Parrot took him to the Governor's house and the Governor greeted him kindly. Inviting the youth in, the ruler of the Parrots asked him to be seated and gave him food and drink.

After the guest had eaten all he wanted the Governor awaited his pleasure. Like the Indians, the Parrot People were too polite to ask a guest about his errand, knowing that he would tell it in his own good time.

The Cacique's boy looked around him with interest and felt so pleased with the beautiful Parrots he saw that he wanted to take many of them home with him. But he had come for just one, so he asked the Parrot Governor if he might take one of his people home with him.

"That is what I came for," said the young

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man, "and now that I have seen your people I care more for them than ever. I will be very kind to the Parrot if you will allow me to take one."

The Governor of the Parrots considered his request and then called his people one by one from their homes to come to a council meeting. When all the Parrots were assembled in a row before the Cacique's boy he thought them the most beautiful people he had ever seen together.

The Parrot Governor told the Council what the Cacique's boy wanted and they all looked at him, not displeased to know that the human people like the Parrot People and wanted to have one to live with them. They were so friendly that they permitted him to take a feather from every Parrot there, so that when he had plucked them all he had a lovely collection of the gayest feathers he had ever possessed or seen.

When the Governor had arranged them all in a bunch he rolled them up carefully in a deer skin that was finely tanned and handed the bundle to the Cacique's boy.

The visitor then arose, thanking the Governor and all the Parrots for their courtesy, thinking that this valuable gift of feathers and deer skin

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was as much of a Parrot as he could get from the Parrot village. He was grateful for the bright feathers which he knew would please his people, but now he wanted a Parrot even more than he had wanted one before.

After he had finished speaking to the Governor and his Council he turned to leave, grateful for his reception, but heavy at heart because he had not obtained one of the beautiful Parrot People for his own. The feathers were lovely and the deer skin would make him a fine garment, but they could not equal a live Parrot.

As he was leaving the room a Parrot Girl said she wanted to go with him and the Cacique's boy turned back quickly to look at her. She was beautiful and he wanted her, and hoped the Governor would allow her to go.

The Governor looked from the young man to the Parrot Girl and then told the girl she might get ready and go.

The Cacique's boy turned back at this welcome consent and awaited the preparations of the Parrot Girl. He thought it would not take her long but he found that she had numerous things to prepare so he had to wait until the next

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day. Still, he did not object to staying another night in the pleasant village, especially when the waiting meant the possession of such a treasure.

The Parrot Girl took some blue, yellow, red, and white cornmeal and made a loaf of bread from each kind. After the bread was all baked the following day she said she was ready to go, so she and the Cacique's boy took their departure, bidding the Governor and all the other Parrot People goodbye.

The young man did not want her to grieve for her people so he was very kind to her and petted and talked to her as they went on their way. So they travelled pleasantly and she was happy because she was in love with the Cacique's boy, but he did not know that.

When they reached the dangerous cliffs it was dinner time and they sat down to eat. The Parrot Girl took her blue loaf of bread and held it toward the North. At once all the space between the cliffs in that direction became a beautiful blue color. Then she took the yellow loaf and held it toward the West, when all the space between the cliffs in that direction became yellow, the color of the golden corn. Next she took her

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red loaf, held it toward the South, and between the cliffs in that direction a lovely sunset red pervaded all space. Lastly she took the white loaf and held it toward the East. Then in that direction all space became white as fleecy clouds, and no matter in which direction they turned there was marvellous beauty that surprised and delighted the young man.

He had a very strangely happy feeling, too, and wondered what sort of magic this little Parrot knew to enable her to perform such feats. Truly she was no ordinary Parrot. She seemed more than bird and his attachment for her grew stronger every moment. She knew he was pleased and fluffed her feathers in delight at his pleasure.

After their lunch was eaten they rose and started the ascent of the steep cliffs. It was a hard, strenuous climb for the Cacique's boy, but he still had his magic eagle feather and by its help was able to get over all the rough places that otherwise he could not have climbed. He reached the crest in safety.

The Parrot Girl had rested on his shoulder or flown close to him, and when they were on top

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she felt proud of him as they stopped to rest. As they sat there on the cool height the Parrot Girl said, "It is a very long way yet to your home, so you get on my back and I will carry you the remainder of the way, but you must close your eyes. If you open them after we start I will fall to the ground and we will both be killed."

He looked at her doubtfully at first as he was so much larger than she, but he understood that she was in earnest and he now had great confidence in her ability to do marvellous things.

So he closed his eyes and got on her back as she had told him to do. At once it became broad, and strong enough to bear his weight easily, and he was soon riding through the air. He wanted to open his eyes but remembered her caution and kept them tightly closed.

When they were near the home of the boy's parents the Parrot Girl alighted and told her passenger he might open his eyes. He did so and was surprised and delighted to see, not the pretty Parrot on whose soft back he had settled himself for an unusual ride, but a beautiful human girl. He gazed at her in wonder and immediately fell deeply in love with her, knowing that she was the

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wonderful Parrot transformed. He had longed for a beautiful Parrot, but he desired this beautiful girl more, far more.

Together they went to his home but she would not enter the house until he had first gone in and told his parents about her. He did not like to leave her outside but she assured him that she would wait for him.

So he went into the home of Tada and Yeah, glad to see them after his first long absence from home. They were delighted to see him back and gave him a loving welcome.

He told them of his visit and showed them the beautiful parrot feathers that the Governor of the Parrots had allowed him to pluck. The bright feathers pleased the old people and they asked if he obtained a Parrot, remembering how eager he had been to go in search of one of the brilliant birds.

"Yes," he answered with dancing light in his eyes, "the most beautiful Parrot in the world," and he told them of the Parrot Girl that had desired to accompany him. He told them of their trip home together, how he had climbed the steep and dangerous heights and how, at the top of the

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mesa, she had taken him upon her back and brought him safely home. Then he told them of her wonderful transformation and said that she awaited their welcome outside.

The parents were interested and pleased with the entire story and told their son to bring his sweetheart into the house. He gladly went for her and she willingly accompanied him, standing before his parents who were soon to be her parents also. The Cacique and his wife approved of the sweet girl as soon as they saw her and they were glad that she was to be their daughter, while she was made happy by their approval.

The girl had saved the remainder of her colored loaves and she brought them forth, offering a piece of each to the father and mother of her beloved. The lover also ate of these colored breads and as they all ate together they felt that they were a happy family and that the son had been wisely directed in his choice of a wife.

The Cacique was so pleased with the bright parrot feathers that he summoned the men of the pueblo to his house. When they had gathered he told them the story of his son's trip and gave each of them a colored feather, which pleased them

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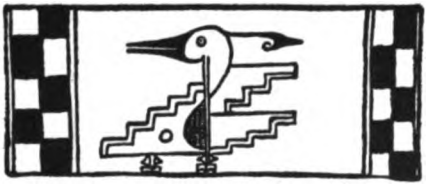
very much. The men then met the Parrot Girl and all approved of her in a way that made the Cacique's boy and the young girl very happy.

The feathers were good medicine and the girl brought good luck to the pueblo. Each man placed his feather on the ladder of his house and they made a gay decoration to the village.

Next day the boy and girl were married and there was a great feast and dance in their honor. The pueblo looked festive, adorned in evergreen that had been gathered for the marriage feast and the brilliant parrot feathers.

The Parrot Girl was a human being now and she was glad to remain in the home of her husband, where she lived a happy and useful life.



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THE DROUTH WITCHES

This is the story told by Pō-yā'-gā Tsē'-dā, or Frost Bird, and interpreted by Pō-ō Tsā', or Yellow Water.

At Pā-dä-gā', an Indian ruin on the west side of the Rio Grande not far from San Ildefonso, New Mexico, lived an old woman and her little grandson, Tē-nē' nē Pō' vê.

This boy had heard so much talk of hunting rabbits that he wanted to hunt them too. One evening when he and Sahya, or Grandmother, sat before the fireplace and Tenene poked in the ashes with a stick, he asked his grandmother what rabbit tracks were like. The old woman was not surprised, although he was a very little boy, because Tenene Pove was always wondering about something and asking questions. She described to him how tracks of the rabbit appeared and the little fellow paid close attention.

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After thinking in Indian silence about what she had told him he asked if she would make him some arrows. Neither was she surprised at this request and shaped some good arrows and a bow for him, taking as much pains with her work as though they had been for a grown person's use. She knew that this thoughtful grandchild of hers was no trifler and she even hoped that despite his youth he might get a rabbit. This would be fortunate if it should occur, for they were very poor and a severe drouth had brought great hardship upon their people. In fact, there was nothing in the house to eat but a little cornmeal and the woman did not know where they were to get their next food.

Of the meal she made some bread and gave most of it to the boy to take with him on his hunt. When Tenene Pove started out she wrapped a blanket about him and offered a prayer for his safety and success. Then she watched as he set out proudly and confidently in the chilly weather.

Tenene Pove tramped far and as the day grew warm he carried the blanket on his arm. Miles he walked and saw tracks but no rabbit. After

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a long while, feeling discouraged, he sat on a rock to rest. He would have cried from disappointment if he had not been a brave child and thought it cowardly to cry.

As he sat there disconsolate a beautiful butterfly flitted near him and a great desire to possess the pretty fluttering thing came over him. So he gave chase to the light-winged little creature. But it eluded him, even when he attempted to throw his blanket over it. Farther and farther the tempter led him and finally disappeared under a rock shaped like a pumpkin.

Tenene Pove went to the rock and turned it over in order to catch the butterfly. But as he moved the stone he discovered an entrance to some sort of underground home. Going in he found a comfortable place which, he realized, must be the butterfly's home. As he was looking around in astonishment, she spoke to him and invited him to take a seat. Sitting on the clean floor he continued to look around him, observing that his remarkable hostess had an abundant store of food and cloth, and thinking of the poverty of his grandmother's home. The butterfly suspected his thoughts, for she was no ordinary

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butterfly, but had great wisdom and magical powers.

"I am going to make you a present," she said, "and I want you to be here again in four days. I shall need you to help me in a contest with the drouth witches. I will reward you well."

Tenene Pove promised that he would come and looked wonderingly to see what she would give him. A little later he almost gasped for breath as she put into his blanket a bag of sweet corn, a bag of fresh meal, a fine watermelon and several especially fine pumpkins. They made a big load for a little boy but the magic butterfly gave him the power to carry it all. So he started forth much richer than if he had caught rabbits. On reaching home his grandmother was of course glad and surprised to see his big load.

"You did get some rabbits!" she exclaimed delightedly, "you are my good little hunter."

"Not rabbits, Sahya," he said, depositing his load on the floor, "I did not find rabbits but found a wonderful butterfly who gave me all these things."

"A butterfly!" said Sahya, mystified as she beheld the rare treat before her. It had been many

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months since she had seen pumpkins, green corn and watermelons.

"Yes," answered the boy, eager to tell his tale, "after I had hunted a long time without success I saw a beautiful butterfly and wanted her so much that I chased her. I could not catch her but she led me to her home under a big rock shaped like a pumpkin. And when I pushed the rock away I went into a rich home, where I saw much food and many other things. She gave me all I have brought you and told me to come back again in four days."

"Why does she want you to go back?" asked Sahya, fearing a plan to get her little boy into trouble.

"This is a magic butterfly," said Tenene Pove, "and she thinks I can help her in a contest with the witches."

"Witches!" said his grandmother, "I do not want you to get into the power of witches."

"No harm will come to me," said Tenene Pove, "for I am to help the butterfly outwit the witches and so keep them from doing harm."

The butterfly sensed the grandmother's objection so she brought more food to the home of

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Tenene Pove, adding clothing to this second gift. The old woman had never been so well supplied with food and clothing before. She felt that such a kind and generous butterfly could not be one that would harm her little grandson, so she gave consent for Tenene Pove to do the bidding of his new friend.

The witches learned that Tenene Pove was to go to the house of the butterfly to meet them in the contest. They waited for him that evening when he went to the well to get water and tried to persuade him to go home with them. He refused, for he was sure they wished to do him harm. When they could not induce him to go with them they said:

"Well, we are to meet in the butterfly's house in four days, we will come for you to accompany us there."

"All right," answered Tenene Pove, and the witches went home. The boy went home also and told his grandmother of his meeting with the witches.

The old woman thought a great deal about the contest to be held in the home of the butterfly. She was not altogether easy about the outcome.

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"The butterfly expects to defeat the witches," she said, "but suppose it is the other way about; then harm might come to my little one."

The next day she selected a great many feathers of different kinds and made of them a p-ā′, or feather charm, for Tenene Pove in order that the witches might not harm him, and these she bade him take when he went to the butterfly's house.

The night before the contest the butterfly made another visit to the woman and her grandson and accepted their invitation to supper. Tenene told the butterfly that his grandmother was still fearful of the coming contest. Then the visitor said to her, "Never fear, I'll help the boy and the p-ā′ charm you have made will help us both."

On the appointed evening the witches called for Tenene Pove to go to the butterfly's house but the butterfly had taken him early, so the witches missed another chance to get possession of him. Tenene and the butterfly dressed up very gorgeously. They looked so fine that when the witches arrived they scarcely knew them.

The object of this contest was to bring rain to the parching land. At least that was the object of

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the butterfly, and the witches had told her that they alone could bring the much needed moisture. The butterfly had then demanded why they allowed the land to parch if they could bring about relief and asserted that she meant herself to invoke Ō-koo-wät-sā′, the raingod. The witches objected to this but did not wish her to see their displeasure.

However, they kept watch on the butterfly's actions and were frightened when they found that she had succeeded in gaining knowledge from the wise raingod, fearing for their own safety. So they had proposed the contest which had been explained to Tenene Pove, hoping to destroy the butterfly and save their own powers. The witches knew that with the help of a young boy and proper rites in Okoowatsa's worship the butterfly could outwit them, so when they learned that the butterfly had secured the services of Tenene Pove they tried to keep him from taking part in the contest. But they had been foiled in that. Now, their only hope was to make their trial first and baffle the butterfly in her intention to benefit the land they sought to destroy.

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Hence it had been agreed that they were to have a feast, the food to be provided by both the butterfly and the witches. The witches believed that this proposal of the butterfly to have a feast was a trick to get food, for they supposed that everybody but themselves was on the verge of starvation.

"We will not feed her and that boy," they said and took some wooden watermelons as their share of the feast. However, when they got to the butterfly's house they were greatly surprised to find spread on the floor real watermelons and a plentiful supply of other good things as well. This made the witches both angry and jealous. They had thought that their evil powers had killed all food things but here they beheld a feast. They had the shame also of having the butterfly and Tenene Pove laugh at their wooden melons and taunt them with being unable to procure real food.

After eating the feast they all sat around preparing for the contest.

"We will begin," said the butterfly, "and endeavor to perform the rites we have learned to

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bring relief to the suffering people and creatures of the woods and fields."

"No, we will start," said the witches together, thinking thus to use their evil powers before the others could use any good magic they had learned.

"Very well," said the butterfly, "you may start. If you bring rain you shall be granted the prize unless we succeed in making more rain than you do."

The witches then went through with a ceremonial which the butterfly watched suspiciously. Tenene Pove kept fast hold of the p-ā which his grandmother had made for his protection. The wicked women wanted a crack in the earth to open and swallow up the butterfly and her young assistant. But although the sun shone hotter than ever and the earth cracked from the heat and dryness, the witches were finally forced to give up without gaining their evil purpose or bringing rain. Their failure surprised them but in view of the added misery they had brought to earth they felt sure that their opponents would fail to remedy matters. Then they could have

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revenge, despite the refusal of the earth to open and swallow the butterfly and the boy.

"You did not succeed!" exclaimed Tenene Pove and he turned to the butterfly, eager to have her begin her trial of skill.

"All right, it is your turn now," said the witches derisively, "let us see what a mess you will make of things."

Tenene Pove held up his bundle of feathers, his p-ā', and he and the butterfly began their ceremonial. Very earnest they both were invoking the raingod to give heed to their prayer. They prayed him to extend his mercy to the suffering children of Padaga and not let them perish by reason of the terrible drouth.

Almost immediately a streak of lightning flashed a blinding light. Thunder crashed so violently that the witches huddled together in fear and surprise. They had thought of the work of this pair as a joke, played against their great witch magic. They had been certain of destroying the meddlers after they failed to bring rain, but this sudden loud response to the invocation to Okoowatsa gave them the greatest surprise of their wicked existence. A moment later rain be-

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gan to pour in torrents. The wicked women huddled yet closer together, realizing that they were in the presence of good, the only power they feared.

When the water began to come into the house the witches started for the door but before they could reach it rain overtook them and they were drowned while trying to get out. In a little while they had been changed to mud which afterward dried and turned into dust. This dust was scattered by the winds and so that band of evil force was destroyed in their wickedness.

The beautiful butterfly and her little boy helper, Tenene Pove, were unharmed and they had the pleasure of witnessing quick relief to the people. New crops throve in that region and gave the inhabitants food for the following winter.

The wise butterfly remained a true and helpful friend to Tenene Pove and his grandmother ever after. And when Tenene was an old man he told to his grandchildren the story of how he had helped to destroy the wicked drouth witches.

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THE RIVER MAN

Told by Pau'-sā, or Cane Growing in Water, as told to him by his father, Tain-yā'-ā-nē, or Pine Tree.

A LONG time ago the Parrot People were dancing the basket dance, both the men and women parrots. They had red, green and yellow feathers and looked very pretty as they danced in the sunlight.

Many people had come to see this dance and stood all around the plaza or climbed to the housetops in order to watch the dance from above. The dance was colorful and beautiful. Among the dancers were some dressed in gay, fantastic costumes who made the people laugh with their pranks and grotesque gestures. These were the kō' shäres, or clowns. Everyone looking at the dancers said:

"How graceful they are, and how their bright feathers shine in the sunlight."

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When the dance was nearly over a strange man ran into the plaza crying, "I want some one!"

"Whom do you want?" asked the koshares, or leaders of the clown dancers, trying to stop his noise.

"I want that man on top of the house—that one who has just washed his hair!" he yelled, pointing to a man who was drying his long black hair on his housetop as he viewed the gay parrot dance and visitors below.

"What do you want with him?" asked the koshares.

"I want to race with him," answered the strange man.

"You hear what he says," called up a koshare, and the man on the roof said that he would come down and race with the stranger.

So he descended and when the dance stopped the two men took their places for a race. Then they started. It was a new and exciting thing for the people, and they watched the runners with breathless interest. Wagers were made as to who would win.

Everybody wondered about the strange man.

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Some were suspicious of him but the Governor thought that he merely wanted to show his skill as a runner.

On ran the two men for some distance and the onlookers followed as well as they could, but suddenly the people were horrified to see the strange man turn on the pueblo man, grab him by his long hair that was streaming in the wind and, before anybody could interfere or even know what was happening, scalp him before the eyes of everyone.

The pueblo man fell dead and the stranger ran on, holding the scalp high and laughing at his ghastly deed.

Men mounted horses as quickly as they could and rushed after the wretch who had broken up their festivities and treated them so scornfully, meaning to punish him as he deserved.

On and on the horses chased, but the scalper kept ahead of them until the river was reached, when the pursuers thought that now they would surely catch him.

On the river bank he turned, held up his trophy and laughed more than ever at the horsemen who were almost upon him. One, whose

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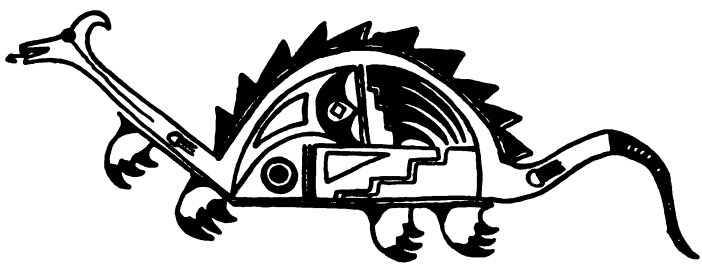
horse touched the deceiver, reached for him, but the jeering stranger jumped into the water. Still holding the scalp above him and singing a war song as he swam, he looked back at his baffled pursuers. One of the men declared he would swim after him but when he was ready to spring into the river the singer dived and rose again, continuing to hold the scalp above his head, and singing his defiant song louder than ever. Then he sank, laughing fiendishly.

"He is a river man," said one of the horsemen, and they knew that they could never catch that evil spirit that had broken up the parrot dance and brought grief to a pueblo.



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IMPRISONED BY BEARS

This is the story told by Năn-ă-tchĭ-lē, or Bird-on-Tree.

ONCE on a time, a long time ago, a woman was walking in the woods, carrying the babe that was to be born to her, and very happy she was in the lovely evening air and glow of the sun's farewell radiance.

Suddenly a great bear stood before her and the woman was frightened. She tried to run but the bear caught her in his strong arms and carried her to his cave. There she saw another bear, even larger than the first, and was terribly frightened, but the bears put her on a soft bed of dried grass and skins and did not hurt her. They were very friendly and endeavored to show their good will by giving her food and trying in every way to make her comfortable. But for all their kindness the woman was too frightened to sleep

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that night. She lay mourning for her people, who were perhaps even then looking for her, and jumped at every movement of her captors, fearful lest they should devour her in the darkness.

Next morning she watched the bears and when they both prepared to leave the cave her heart grew lighter as she hoped to run away during their absence. The big fellows lumbered out, one behind the other, but when the second had passed through the opening they rolled a huge stone before the entrance of her prison. When they were gone the woman tried to push the stone away but could no more move it than she could push out the side of the cave. She then lay on her comfortable bed and wept until she heard the owners of the cave returning. She sat up, listened with all her might and watched light come into the cave as they rolled the stone away. The bears entered and threw a deer before her, indicating that she was to take a share of the prey before they satisfied their own hunger.

Day followed day and the bears were always friendly, but refused to allow their prisoner to depart, rolling up the rock every time they went from the cave. The woman always endeavored

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to push the barrier away when she was left alone but it would never yield to her feeble strength.

One day when the bears returned the woman's child had come to relieve her loneliness, but it was a strange babe and the bears laughed great bear laughs of pleasure when they saw it, because it was half human and half bear. When they looked at the human side it looked like the woman's own child but when they saw only the bear side it seemed like their cub and they fondled it in bear fashion.

If these shaggy captors had been vigilant about keeping their prisoner before they doubled their vigilance now because they loved this human-bear child that had been born in their cave. The woman and her child never lacked food—deer, sheep, hares, honey, vegetables, fruit—and they were furnished such other comforts as the bears could give, so they led a fairly comfortable existence. But she was weary of the cave and longed to go to her people in the village where she had been born and spent her girlhood, the village where her beloved husband and parents lived. She had ceased to try to push away the stone but every day prayed to Năm-bê'

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Quē′-ō, the Great Mother God, to send rescue.

The bear-boy grew rapidly and played alike with his mother and the bears. As he developed, his mother taught him her language and made known to him her grief, which he finally accepted as his grief also. He learned to pray to the great Father, Năm-bi′ quō, and the Great Mother, Nambe Queo, and joined his mother in her prayers for deliverance. As his strength increased he began to try it on the great barrier before their door. For years it was as though he tried to move a mountain, but one day, when he was about half grown, he exclaimed, "Mother, I think the stone moved a little! Nambiquo is about to answer our prayers."

She embraced him with rapture but warned him to be cautious and try his strength on big rocks in their cave until he could be so sure of his power that he could not fail. "If you try to move the stone and are caught," she said, "or if you move it only enough for them to see what you have been doing, the bears will either kill us or guard us so carefully that there will never be a chance for escape."

So the bear-boy was cautious. He learned all

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he could from his mother while the bears were away and learned what he could outside his cave when the bears were home and allowed their prisoners to exercise and get fresh air in the clearing outside the cave. Of course this was always done under their watchful eyes and restraining big paws.

And now strength was added to the bear-boy every day. His mother was so astonished at his growth that she thought he must be endowed by the gods themselves. When the bears were home he was careful not to show how much strength he had but when they were gone he flung about the boulders in their cave until his mother would almost scream from terror.

A day came when he said, "It is time for me to try my strength and prove that our prayers to the Great Father and Mother have not been in vain."

So he advanced to the front of the cave and began to push against the barricading rock. At first it still seemed like the side of the cavern. But the bear-boy continued to strain and push, to rest and to push again. Then, joy to their spirits, the rock creaked, moved, moved again, and finally fell away!

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In all the years the mother had been in the prison home, she had never seen sunlight flood the cave except when the bears themselves had rolled the rock away. And now at first when she saw the light she thought the bears must be outside. But soon she knew that her own child had moved the great stone, and at once she was feverish to get away before the bears should return. How furious they would be that the cave had been opened! She remembered the direction of her home and she and the bear-boy ran with all swiftness, often looking behind to see if they were followed.

When they had gone about a mile the mother exclaimed, "They are pursuing us!" and stopped quite still in her terror. The bear-boy looked back and felt his own heart thump with fright, but seizing his mother he ran even swifter with his burden than he had before.

On and on he went until the edge of the mesa that stood before his mother's village was reached. He was now tired but his strength endured. He climbed the mesa, crossed it and descended its other side, reaching in safety the village, to be met by a crowd of wondering Indians.

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The woman made herself known to her people and they were rejoiced to see her, for they had thought her dead. The strange bear-boy did not please them at first but when they found that he knew their language and worshipped the Great Nambiquo, and Nambe Queo they took him into their community and he became one of them.

The bear-boy led the men of the pueblo to the haunts of the two bears. There the hunters found them and slew them. Their skins were taken back to the pueblo and nightly the bear-boy and his mother slept upon the furs of the great beasts who had kept them prisoners so many years.

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THE WITCH WIFE

This is the story that was told by Pō'-vê Cåh', which in Tewa language means "Leaf Flower," as it was told to her by her aunt. Pove Cah is the famous potter "Marie," of San Ildefonso.

A LONG time ago, a very long time ago, there lived a man called Sun Shell Flower Man, and his wife, Blue Corn Maid. They lived in a pueblo called *Pā-dä-gā'*, named for the little yellow animals that made their homes in the ground all about the place.

Now Sun Shell Flower Man was a great hunter who went out nearly every day for game and never returned without something—rabbit, antelope or deer—but he rarely tasted the meat he brought home. Every day Blue Corn Maid ground meal and prepared many good things to eat; made the delicious thin paper bread and

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cooked meat and chillies, and cakes, but when her husband came home she gave him only soup and mush. He wondered what became of all the game he gave to his wife and all the good foods he could smell or could see his wife preparing.

"What happens to all that food?" he asked himself one evening after a long hunt when he was very tired and hungry.

He rose from the floor where he had been eating his mush, very dissatisfied. He made up his mind that he would watch what became of the choice dishes that were never brought to him. Was his wife living another life while pretending to keep home for him only? All the next day he thought about her strange behavior and wondered how he could find out who feasted on the antelope and the cakes.

The following evening he ate a little soup and went to bed, but determined not to sleep that night. He meant to watch. Blue Corn Maid was still cooking when he lay down and he could smell the food he longed for but which had not been offered to him. Occasionally his wife looked in to see if he were awake. He pretended to be asleep, but he was watching her movements

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or listening intently when he did not see her. He had a feeling that somethnig unusual was about to happen.

After a while Blue Corn Maid stopped cooking. She came to her bed but did not get into it. She looked at her husband very closely and thought he was asleep but all the time he watched her through a narrow slit between his eyelids.

His wife took an ear of blue corn and said to it, "If my husband wakes and speaks to me, answer him just as I would."

She then laid the ear of corn in her usual sleeping place and lay down herself, but soon got up again very quietly and looked keenly at Sun Shell Flower Man. She thought he was asleep but to be certain she pulled the *ŭm'-på,* the short little hairs that grew on his toes, and watched his face. She hurt Sun Shell Flower Man and he wanted to tell her to stop, but as he had made up his mind to watch he kept quiet in spite of the pain.

When she was sure that he slept, Blue Corn Maid dressed herself carefully. She put on her prettiest clothes. Then she took the delicious paper bread and other good things she had pre-

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pared and left the house, going silently down the ladder which led from their room on the second floor to the ground.

When Sun Shell Flower Man thought his wife was some distance away he got up. He took the ear of corn from his bed and threw it against the wall, scattering the kernels and saying, "I think you'll not speak to me now!"

He then went out on the roof and watched Blue Corn Maid as she hastened from the house, but did not follow her right away. He could see the direction in which she went and did not want her to discover that he was awake. He watched her go to a big rock not far from their home and then he was surprised to see the rock move aside. A brilliant light streamed from a kiva that he had not known was hidden under the rock. He watched his wife descend into the kiva and saw the rock move over the opening again.

Sun Shell Flower Man now followed and hid behind some smaller rocks near the big one that had opened and closed again. He quietly waited to see what would happen. Men and women came to the kiva and each time, after the proper password was said, the rock opened to admit

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them and closed again after they had entered. Sun Shell Flower Man recognized some of the people and wondered what they could be doing under ground at that time of night.

After a large crowd had collected and no more people appeared a bat flew around the rock four times. It opened to admit him. However, Bat did not go down but said to those inside, "I smell man's flesh."

From the kiva some chided, "Do not be silly, Bat; come on down; you are always being afraid. Nobody is here but persons who belong."

But the Bat did not go in and the opening closed. Again he flew around the rock four times and again the rock rolled away.

"I smell man's flesh," persisted the night bird and again he was told not to be silly; that only those who had the right to be there had entered the kiva.

"A third time Bat flew around the rock and when it rolled back he asked those inside, "Why don't you invite Sun Shell Flower Man to come in? He is out here waiting for an invitation."

At this unexpected revelation Sun Shell

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Flower Man started in fright, for he sensed witchery and feared harm.

"We did not see or hear him," came from the kiva. "Tell him to come down and join us."

Sun Shell Flower Man did not move but many voices cried up to him, "Come on down; come on down!"

So at what seemed a hearty invitation the curious watcher went into the kiva. Everybody greeted him cordially.

"Sit by your wife," he was kindly bidden, and he sat down by Blue Corn Maid, surprised at her smiling welcome. He looked wonderingly at all he saw. The rock door had closed above him and after a few moments' silence the Mĭ'-yō, or witch priest, asked, "Is everybody here?"

"Yes," answered several and the Miyo began to talk to the people and give them some instructions in witchcraft.

Sun Shell Flower Man listened. He was interested in all he heard. But he was shocked, too, and surprised that they would talk freely about their witch business before him, knowing that he was not a witch.

After the Miyo had finished his instructions

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and the discussions had ceased the women got up. They went to the north wall where Sun Shell Flower Man had noticed a door. Opening this door they disclosed great quantities of things to eat and then Sun Shell Flower Man knew where the fine food that was prepared in his home went. The women set the food out on the floor for all to eat.

They had a good time eating, talking and singing, and Sun Shell Flower Man, who was hungry, enjoyed himself very much. Before he began to eat his wife said to him, "If you find this food tastes differently from what you are accustomed to, say nothing about it."

He promised, but when he bit a piece of meat it tasted so flat that he said thoughtlessly, "This meat is not salted."

Immediately everybody but himself and Blue Corn Maid disappeared and the light went out. It was so dark that Sun Shell Flower Man could not see a thing and just crawled around with his wife, feeling nothing but the bare dirt floor. As they crept about Blue Corn Maid told him that she was looking for a buffalo robe on which they could sleep and that they must keep on moving

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until it was found. But she did not find it until nearly dawn, when the sun was just beginning to light the room dimly through cracks at the top of the kiva. When at last she found the fur she spread it out on the floor and told her husband to lie down and go to sleep. She had made him so tired after such an uncomfortable night of scrambling about on the floor that he gladly stretched himself on the soft rug and was soon sound asleep.

When Blue Corn Maid was sure he was asleep, and there could be no doubt about it this time, she left him to the fate which she, as a witch, thought would serve him right for meddling in business that did not concern him.

When the sun was high in the sky Sun Shell Flower Man awoke. He was amazed to find himself in a perilous position at the top of a high precipice. If he moved in any direction he would fall, and yet to lie there without moving for an indefinite time meant great physical discomfort and finally, starvation.

While he lay there in this dangerous situation, getting warmer and warmer as the sun heated the rocks around him, and becoming blinded by

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the glare, two *cō-wē-yā'-ā* or chipmunks perched near him on the rock.

One asked him, "What are you doing here?"

The other said, "This is no place for a man."

"I want to know myself why I am here," answered Sun Shell Flower Man, "but I want more to know how I can get down safely."

"I know how you got here," volunteered one of the *coweya-a.*

"How?" asked Sun Shell Flower Man.

"Your wife had you brought here because you pried into her business. She is a witch and now that you have found it out she wants to put an end to your life."

"Can you not help me?" asked Sun Shell Flower Man.

He spoke so pitifully that the little animals felt sorry for him and sat thinking very hard.

Finally they told him that they would consult Grandmother Spider. They scampered away, and the unfortunate man closed his eyes. He was hot and weak and felt that his end was near.

When *coweya-a* got to Grandmother Spider's house they told her of Sun Shell Flower

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Man's predicament and asked if she would not help him.

"He is nearly famished," they told her, "and can not move hand or foot for fear of falling. He will die there if he can not have help."

Grandmother Spider was ever ready to help wronged persons, so she put water in a little acorn cup and food in another and told *co-weya-a* to take them to Sun Shell Flower Man.

To the canyon and up the precipice ran the little creatures, each holding one of the acorn cups carefully so that the contents might not be spilled. They delivered their loads to Sun Shell Flower Man.

"Grandmother Spider sends you this food and drink," they told him, "and she says you must keep still until she can think of a way to get you down alive."

The imprisoned man felt grateful and with this feeling came one of assurance that actually rested his tired body. But when he took the wee cups he said, "These will not give me even a taste."

"Eat and drink and you will see," advised the chipmunks.

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Sun Shell Flower Man put the water to his dry lips and to his infinite surprise all the water he wished poured into his mouth. When he had been refreshed he looked at the little cup in wondering gratitude. Then he turned to the other tiny acorn-cup. As water had poured freely from the first cup, so now the other furnished him with all the food he could eat.

After he had finished eating, *coweya-a* took the cups to return them to Grandmother Spider. But before they went they told him that if a man came to offer him food he should refuse it.

"The witches will want to poison you if they think there is a chance of your living and getting free," they said, "but do not be afraid. We are going to help you."

Then they started down the cliff.

Sun Shell Flower Man felt encouraged and closed his eyes to wait. It made him sickeningly dizzy to look down the steep cliff that seemed to be trying to pull him to the depths below. When *coweya-a* had been gone some time he heard footsteps and opening his eyes saw a man standing near him.

"I have brought you food," said the stranger,

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but Sun Shell Flower Man was not hungry and he remembered the warning of *coweya-a.*

"I do not want food," he said to the man's surprise, "but if you will take me from this perilous position I will thank you."

The man, who was one of the witches, wanted to push him off, but that had been forbidden by the Miyo, who said it would bring bad luck to the witches. So the man with the food turned his back and disappeared.

After Grandmother Spider had taken the cups from *coweya-a* she gave them a bag of medicine herbs and told them to take it to Sun Shell Flower Man, with instructions for its use.

"There will come two snakes," one *coweya* told Sun Shell Flower Man when giving him the bag, "to try to scare you into falling from the precipice. Chew this medicine sent by Grandmother Spider and when the serpents come creeping toward you, spit upon them."

Sure enough, two snakes soon came gliding along the rock toward Sun Shell Flower Man. They writhed in a most frightful manner. They were greatly surprised when the victim did not heed them, so went very close, hissing and wrig-

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gling spitefully. A moment later the man spat on them and the long snakes both fell lifeless to the bottom of the precipice.

The next morning when *coweya-a* came they said to Sun Shell Flower Man, "Mother Spider has had us plant a magic pine tree in the canyon right under you. When it grows up, you will be able to climb down to safety."

All that day the man lay in his horrid position but was fed by Grandmother Spider with food and water that not only refreshed him inwardly but kept him from being tired and stiff.

By the next day the tree had grown half way up the canyon, but the precipice was very high and the tree as yet did not nearly reach the prostrate man. Four times *coweya-a* ran up and down the trunk of the tree and the following day it had grown so tall that Sun Shell Flower Man could nearly touch it. The next day twigs of the tree reached him and his little friends told him to step out. But the small twigs were not strong enough to bear his weight, so *coweya-a* ran up and down the trunk four more times. The following and fourth day the tree had reached such a height that branches strong enough to hold

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him reached right up to the man. Sun Shell Flower Man was now able to crawl from the rock to the nearest branch and make his way to the sturdy trunk, and down the trunk to freedom once again.

At the foot of the tree he stretched himself and felt very happy. He thanked his little chipmunk friends fervently and told them that if he could ever serve them in any way he would be delighted to show it in actions as well as words.

Then he started home and as he passed the home of Grandmother Spider he heard some one call, "Sun Shell Flower Man!"

He turned quickly and stood puzzled, for he did not know where the wise spider lived. "This way," she said, and he saw her.

He went forward and after thanking Grandmother Spider for all her kindness to him went into her house.

"I was glad to do what I could to help you," said his hostess, "but you see what a fix you got into by curiosity. You were dealing with witches, and had it not been for *coweya-a* you would never have gotten out of that dangerous place alive."

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"I know it," answered the man. She offered him the little acorn cups again as she knew he must be hungry and thirsty. This time he took them without comment, and again gratefully refreshed himself.

"Your wife is a very dangerous witch, and so is her sister," said Grandmother Spider. "Now, the world ought to be rid of such harmful creatures and I am going to help you to get rid of them."

Sun Shell Flower Man made no answer and as Grandmother Spider knew that he did not want to kill his wife, she added, "If you do not get that evil woman and her sister out of the way they will kill you, for witches do not allow one who has learned of their wicked secrets to live."

She then twisted some willow switches into a hoop that was very pretty when she had finished it. Handing it to Sun Shell Flower Man she said, "This is a magic hoop. Take it and do as I tell you. When you return home your wife and her sister will be at the spring getting water. Hold this hoop so they can see it. They will be surprised to see you but when their eyes catch sight of the hoop they will both recognize it as the

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magic circle and will ask you for it. When your wife asks refuse her, and when her sister requests it refuse her also, but when they have begged for it for some time say very slowly, 'If you both stand over there I will roll it to you and whoever catches it may have it.' "

Sun Shell Flower Man took the hoop, bade Grandmother Spider good-bye and started home, determined to do all she had instructed him to do.

When Blue Corn Maid and her wicked sister saw him coming toward them they were so surprised that they stared at him almost stunned, for they thought that he had long since fallen over the dangerous precipice.

"Some magic has done this," said they, afraid because of their guilt.

"It is that hoop he has in his hand," said Blue Corn Maid, looking at it enviously. "We must get that."

When Sun Shell Flower Man got close to the women his wife looked at him very lovingly and asked him for the pretty hoop he carried.

"No, I can not give you this," he answered, "it is my friend and I do not wish to part with it."

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The witches felt sure then that the hoop had helped him and they were filled with the desire to own it, so they both begged for the prize.

After they had asked vainly for some time he said, "Well, go over there and I will roll it toward you; whoever catches it may have it."

They did as he said. They now hated each other as rivals, for each witch wanted that hoop as she had never wanted anything before. Sun Shell Flower Man rolled the willow hoop toward them and they both ran forward, catching it at the same time, but no sooner had they grasped it than they became transformed into two snakes, one blue and the other yellow. They wriggled and hissed at one another and then darted at Sun Shell Flower Man, but he had medicine from Grandmother Spider that kept him safe from their poison. He held their wriggling forms and said:

"You put me at the top of that precipice and if I had not had magic help I would now be a dead heap at the bottom of the canyon, or eaten by wild animals."

To his wife he said, "You treated your husband that way! Are you not ashamed of your-

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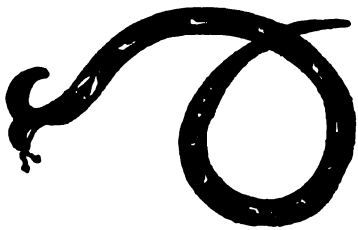
self? Now you go to the North and hide as best you can, for all creatures will hate you and your descendants forever."

To his sister-in-law he said, "You go to the West and see if you can find help. If you are a good woman help will come to you as it did to me, but if you are wholly wicked no help will come and you will live to be hated by all creatures, you and your descendants forever. As you would harm a harmless man now I punish you by the aid of Mother Spider who helps goodness and punishes wickedness."

He dropped the serpents and they glided away. And ever since that day blue snakes have been found in the north and yellow snakes in the west.



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RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS AND COYOTE

This is the story told by Ă-goy'-ō, or Star, as told to him by his grandfather.

ONE cold winter afternoon the red-winged blackbirds were having a gay time sliding on the ice and singing their cheery song. "We have pretty red wings," they sang, looking at each other's bright red spots approvingly. "We have pretty red shoulders," and they were well pleased with the bright red spots that looked so well on their very black shiny wings.

Coyote heard the song and coming near watched the birds slide on the ice, raising their pretty wings occasionally to balance themselves and so prevent falling on the hard surface.

The birds saw the four-footed beast watching them and knew he would like to eat them but they were too alert and swift to allow him to get near enough for that. "We have pretty red shoul-

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ders," they sang and went tantalizingly near to Coyote.

After Coyote had listened to them sing of their red shoulders for some time he became envious of the red spots and asked, "How did you get those bright red shoulders?"

"We cut them with a flint," the birds told him.

"I should like to have red shoulders too," then said Coyote. He always wanted whatever anybody else had, and asked if they would cut his shoulders and make them red like theirs.

"Yes," answered the chief blackbird, "get a sharp stone and bring it to me. Then I will cut your shoulders and make them red like ours."

So Coyote went off and finding a very sharp stone brought it to the chief of the blackbirds. The chief took it and swooped down to cut his right shoulder very quickly, and then with another swoop cut his left just as quickly. As the blood flowed each of Coyote's shoulders became red and he looked down at them admiringly. He then began to slide on the ice but the blackbirds kept always ahead of him.

"We have pretty red shoulders!" they sang joyously, "and we slide on the ice! See us slide

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on the slippery ice!" They were a happy, singing, chattering crowd.

Coyote wanted to do everything they did. So he too said as he slid, rather awkwardly at first, "I have pretty red shoulders and I am sliding on the ice," but his singing was so loud and harsh that the birds became frightened and flew high above him.

In one place the ice had grown thin. At last the blackbirds began to slide there; they knew that the light crust would hold their light bodies, but would not support Coyote. On and on they slid, continuing to sing about their red wings and sliding on the ice, or rising above Coyote's jaws. On came Coyote, also singing in his harsh barking voice and sliding on his four feet, taking no heed of where he was going, bent only on following the red-winged blackbirds. Suddenly the ice cracked under his weight and poor silly Coyote went down into the cold water.

This made him angry and he scrambled out, cutting his paws on the jagged ice as he did so. The birds were far above him but their shadows flitted about and before him on the ground. He followed these shadows up the hill, thinking that

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even if he could not fly he would reach the birds when he got to the top of the hill, where they would be able to go no higher. Up and up he went, the birds' shadows ever before and around him, but when he reached the top of the hill the laughing birds were as far above him as ever.

He could not go any higher. He looked up at them enviously, angrily scolding with his loud frightful barks. However, the birds were too far above him to be frightened and flew away, mockingly singing about their pretty wings with the bright spots while Coyote looked at his own red shoulders, bleeding and smarting from the cuts of the stone.

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HOW MUSIC WON TWO WIVES

This is the story told by Pau'-sā, or Cane Growing in Water, as told to him by his father.

ONCE on a time a young man was on top of his house watching his pumpkin patch below so that no one could steal the big yellow pumpkins that were almost ready to be put away for winter.

To pass the time he played tunes on his flute as he sat there. Finally two girls who were passing stopped to listen to the sweet music he poured forth. The young man played on and on, not knowing of the attractive audience he had, but when he paused the young women called up, "Who is that playing so sweetly?"

The young man stopped playing, looked down and answered, "I don't know."

"Oh, yes you do," contradicted the girls. "It

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was you and we like your music. Play more for us."

This compliment pleased the young man and he began to play again, even more sweetly than before.

When he ceased this time the girls called up to him, "You may take us into your house if you wish to. We should like to be with a man who plays the flute as you do."

He immediately went down the ladder and took the two girls into the home where his mother was. "Mother," he said, "you have wished me to bring a daughter to the house and now I have brought two; are you happy?"

The mother had wished for one daughter but she was not sure that she wanted two. She looked at the newcomers and asked her son where he had found them.

He told her and she said, "All right, if they like your music so well they must be good girls," and she invited them to be seated.

They sat down and the mother asked if they could grind corn. They said they could so she put them to work in order to test their skill. The test proved so satisfactory that the mother was

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well pleased and told her son that the girls might stay if he wished them to. This pleased the young man very much, for he had taken a great fancy to these young women. And they both loved him, having been won by his sweet music and pleasing appearance, for he was tall and handsome.

The young man said he would go out to hunt and get a deer, and when he came back he would marry the girls. So off he went to prove that he would be a good provider, while the girls remained with his mother to help her do her work. This pleased the older woman, as there was much to be done. She watched the girls at their work and loved them for their kind ways and the help they promised to be in the home.

The young man was very happy as he went through the woods hunting deer. He wanted a fine one and at length spied a handsome buck. Drawing his bow he took quiet and perfect aim with his arrow, let the thong loose, and away went the arrow straight for the heart of the beautiful animal. Immediately it fell to the ground and the hunter, too happy in his success to think of the misery he had caused, ran up to the deer, shouldered it and went home.

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When he reached the lodge the three women came to meet him. He threw the deer at their feet and they were as happy to receive it as he was to present it.

From the skin of the buck the man made two beautiful pairs of moccasins for his wives and with the meat they prepared a wedding feast, to which many guests were invited.

So the three were married and made a happy household for the mother who had wished for one daughter and gained two.

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HOW THE TEWA TRIBE DIVIDED

This is the story told by Hwape, or Red Tail, as learned from his father.

A VERY long time ago all the Tewa Indians lived far north of Tōn'yă P-ing', Squash Mountain, now called Orphan Mesa.

There had been a terrible drouth and the people were starving, so they decided to go south and try their fortunes in a new place. The whole tribe travelled on to the land now called Ookalente pueblo, and there they separated into groups. One of these groups went to the land now called San Juan, one to that called Santa Clara, one to Santo Domingo, one to Jemez, our own people to San Ildefonso, and one group, the Mokis, went to Arizona, but Arizona was part of New Mexico then. Some of the Tewas helped the Hopis in a war they had and afterward occupied

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part of Hopi land so that they are considerably mixed with the Hopis today.

Our people came on without food and their clothing had nearly all fallen from them in rags. Finally they came to a prosperous pueblo, Otowi, and the people of that village were ready to have a feast on the mesa, where most of the people lived. Our starving people called up to the happy people on the tableland, who were greeting the rising Sun, and some of the worshippers looked down to see who called them with such weak voices.

When they saw the almost naked, thin and gaunt Indians at the foot of the cliffs their hearts were stirred with pity. The Otowi kō'shäres, or witty men, came down to communicate with our people and gave them food, which our ancestors ate greedily in their extreme hunger. The koshares wore horns and from these they gave each of our unfortunate ancestors one grain of corn and one cotton seed. They also gave them clothing and a supply of food to take with them until the starving people could find a home.

Our grateful ancestors then came on, treasuring their crop seeds like the gold they were, and

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in the evening of the day the travellers came to an inviting place on the bank of the river. Some of the people wanted to cross the river, as they liked the appearance of the opposite side, but there was no way to get across and the old men thought it best to stop where they were, so they rested there, fixed up some rude houses and the next day planted their corn grains and cotton seeds.

After they were settled in their new homes the women busied themselves trying to make everything as comfortable as they could and the men went forth to hunt for food. They found abundant game, and some of the young men swam across the river to investigate the other side, coming back with favorable reports of that land, the location and other advantages over there.

The old men listened attentively to the report but for the time stayed where they were. They were tired of travelling and had planted their seeds in the new place. Still, they did not feel that they had settled permanently.

The seeds grew and produced wonderfully well and from the crop our people gathered they saved half to plant the next season.

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The following year it was decided that they should move over to the other side of the river. All their goods were packed and the march began. For those who could not swim or were too loaded to get into the water a rude bridge was constructed and the people filed across, careful of their few possessions. All the people did not get across, for the bridge was not very substantial and some of them fell in and were lost to the tribe, but most of them crossed in safety.

When the group reached the opposite bank they were wanderers again, seeking a place for a village in which to start their lives anew and make a permanent settlement. Down the river a short distance and not far from its bank they found a spot that suited them, with a good location for a plaza and suitable ground for planting. The first thing they did after resting a few days and planning for laying out their village, was to plant the seeds they had saved for crops.

The men laid off a plaza, around which they were to build their homes and in which they marked a spot in the center for a kiva, or *tah'-ē*. Then they thanked Nambiquo for leading them to such a promising place and dedicated their

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kiva to him and the good powers that were to make the new village a lasting residence for the weary wanderers.

They called their new village Powhage, but after the Spaniards came the name was changed to San Ildefonso, by which name our pueblo is now called, but to the Indians it is still Powhage.

Day after day the men and women worked on their homes and it was not a great while before they all had snug and pleasant adobe houses, to be enjoyed by themselves and the children and grandchildren to come after them. The kiva was also built, and a beautiful large round one it was, so strong that it lasts to this very day. When all this was finished and the crops were growing well, the people gave a dance and feast and there was great rejoicing that so many of them had been spared and sent to this habitable home where no other people claimed rights of possession.

This was the spot which Nambiquo had reserved for this family of his children, and they hoped to thrive therein for all the generations to come.

The corn grains and cotton seeds yielded good

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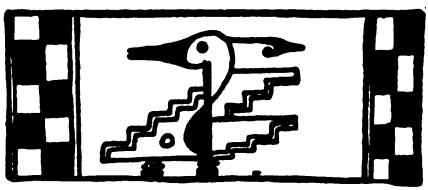
crops, and after the harvest our people again gave a feast and dance, this time expressing their gratitude in the beautiful Corn Dance that we still love and celebrate. This dance was very sacred to them and is still sacred to us, their children.

Their next crop was a yet more abundant one and their pueblo was increasing rapidly, and the hearts of our predecessors were filled with rejoicing.



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WHEN NAVAJOS STOLE TEWA BOYS

Told by Dāt-sā-ōn'-yā, or Goldfinch, the Cacique, or father of the San Ildefonso pueblo.

IT was about ninety years ago, maybe more, on September 6, when the San Ildefonso Indians were having a ceremonial dance, that they were interrupted by a whoop of alarm.

As I said, our people were having a festival, and our Santa Clara brothers and sisters had come to join with us in the ceremonial. They danced the Basket Dance, so beautiful to us, and sacred too.

Far from us rose the stately mesa, Ah n-eun' däh ăhn', hō-ō quă yā', which means Young Lady Arroyo on Top of Mesa. We have always loved that mesa for its stately beauty, but that day so long ago, the beauty of Young Lady Arroyo concealed lurking and thieving Nava-

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jos. Near by were some Santa Clara and Mexican boys tending cattle, and there was one boy from our own pueblo, San Ildefonso, herding with his Santa Clara friends.

As the young boys tended their herds they were surprised by men rushing from ambush and they immediately recognized Navajos, the dread enemies they had been taught to avoid. The boys' first thought was to save themselves, for they knew the Navajos would rather capture them than the cattle or anything else, so they used their fleet young legs and ran for freedom. But swift as they were, three were caught, and one was the San Ildefonso boy who had been near the enemies when they sprang forward.

As one of the Santa Clara boys, who was a fleet runner, sped toward his home, an old Tewa man saw him and called to know why he ran.

"Navajos!" said the boy, stopping to inform his elder. "They got three of us and have carried them away."

This was sad news indeed and the man also hurried to his pueblo, leaving the boy behind, and giving the warning cry, "O-o-o-o!" as he neared the village, that cry that meant danger.

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At the call the people advanced to meet the messenger and when he was near enough to be understood he cried, "Navajos! Stole our boys!"

It was enough, for this was not the first time that such dread tidings had roused the Tewa men to rapid action.

The War Chief questioned the runner and learned that the hated enemy had captured three Tewa boys. He and the other Tewa warriors were furious. Nothing could anger them so much as the stealing of their children.

There was a quick consultation among the few men who had not gone to San Ildefonso to the feast. How terrible that all their warriors were away! But there was no time for lamentation.

"We must go and get our men," said one, and all agreed with him.

The War Chief was one of the swiftest runners of the village, and there were very fleet runners among our people in those days. So away sped the slender chieftain southward. When he came within calling distance of the pueblo where the festival was at its height, his warning "O-o-o-o-o!" rang through the air. The dancers paused in their dancing, then ceased altogether

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as they recognized the cry of calamity. By the time the running Chief reached the village men were coming forward to meet him and he was greeted by the War Chief of San Ildefonso.

"The Navajos have stolen our boys," he gasped. All the men heard the terrible news and all were of one mind about it. "We must go to the mountains to rescue them." Quickly they held a meeting in the kiva—the same council hall that is used today—and it was decided to follow the enemy at once.

San Ildefonso men were to go directly from their pueblo and Santa Clara men were to make the start from theirs, where the revellers joined those who had remained at home. Men who had been in the dance did not wait for change of attire but went as they had been dressed in the dance, with feathers, furred moccasins, and partly nude bodies, true Indian warriors on the warpath. Bows and arrows, hatchets, guns, and whatever weapons could be gathered were distributed among the men. The women prepared quantities of poowahta', meal made from the popped grains of white corn.

This is the way poowahta is made:

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A fire is kindled of corncobs and over this the grains are tossed. When they are hot they pop open and when all are thus cooked they are spread on a blanket to dry thoroughly. The corn is then ground and put into an earthen olla, when it is again shaken over the fire. After this second heating it is again ground in the metate, becoming very fine meal. It is believed that meal made in this way gives great strength, and warriors have always taken it with them as it was easily carried and a small amount lasted for days. One cupful mixed with water provided food for one man a whole day. Sometimes the warriors mixed with their poowahta a thin cake made from blue meal, called Boo wah' ya we, and this mixture was believed to give even greater strength.

Now after the San Ildefonso men had travelled about ten miles they sighted the Navajos on a mesa. Just about the time that our men reached that point, Santa Clara men came to the same mesa from the north. The San Ildefonso men had been tracking Navajos and were not aware that the Santa Clara men had arrived so, seeing men go round the brush, they were about to shoot

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when the Santa Clara men called in Tewa, "We are brothers; do not shoot us!"

The San Ildefonso men lowered their weapons and were glad not to have made such a fearful mistake as to kill their comrades in the hunt.

It was night and the Tewa men all came together for consultation. They decided to separate, half go on one side of the mesa and half on the other. Then coming together they would trap the enemy. After much stealthy creeping and searching and caution the Navajos were spied and some of them actually trapped, but others eluded their pursuers and got away, carrying two of the young boys with them.

The Navajos who were trapped had one of the boys with them and he was rescued, while his captors paid the greatest of penalties for their deed, and were left for vultures on the rocks.

That night the weary Tewa men slept in the canyon, sustained by the blessed poowahta that had been provided by their women. In the morning they searched further for the Navajos and the two boys, but did not find them. They turned home then. Fortunately as they went they found many of their cattle, driven off by the Navajos

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when they stole the three Tewa children. The cattle had escaped and now the Tewas drove them home to their pueblos as they returned.

The two Tewa boys who were not found probably became Navajos. They were never recaptured by their people and never succeeded in running away. Either they died, or they were watched strictly until they became used to Navajo ways and thought of themselves as Navajos.

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SAD ENDING OF A PICNIC

This is another story told by Pau'sā.

ON a certain occasion the Navajo people claimed from the Acoma people a girl as payment for some wrong they said the Acoma men had done them.

The Acoma people disputed the Navajo's demand. They declared that they would not give up one of their daughters to their enemies and kept close watch on all the Acoma maidens, knowing the Navajo practice of waylaying the women they wanted.

One day in autumn the Acoma people made a great picnic and went to the mountain for piñons, some in wagons and some on horses. Nearly everybody in the pueblo set out on this excursion. Soon after they reached the mountain the landscape was bright with gay pickers, while the usually silent mountain was suddenly alive

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with the buzzing of many voices, with laughter of children and singing of Indian songs.

All morning the adults knocked piñons from their dry burrs and picked them from the ground. The children worked whenever they could spare the time from romping in this lovely place to which their parents had brought them. Of course only the little children played about in this manner; the older ones were expected to keep to their work.

When the sun was directly overhead the workers sat in two jolly circles on the ground and ate their lunch of tortillas, meat and chillies. They bragged of the morning's work and the unusual yield of the little pine nuts that came to them in abundance only every three or four years. They looked also at the view to be had from the mountain and stretched themselves on the ground for a little rest. Then all hands went to work again and piñons were rapidly gathered from the ground while exclamations could be heard when someone discovered a bounteous spill. Chipmunks that had been daring enough to venture near for scraps of discarded food were frightened back into their holes by the indus-

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trious human stir and there were no sounds to be heard save those of the pickers gathering the little nuts that helped to swell the store of their winter's food. From tree to tree they moved, from bush to bush, and some of them, in their desire for quantity and choice nuts, were lured to distances from the center of activity.

Tōn'ya and Trē'go, two happy young girls who were racing to see which would fill her bag first, wandered farther and farther from the other pickers until, coming to the edge of the mountain Tonya exclaimed, "We have gone far!"

"It is early," answered Trego, looking at the sun. "Let us pick here a while for the crop is fine in this place."

Tonya listened for the sound of voices. She could hear faint challenges which assured her that the crowd was not so very far from them after all. So she resumed work, for Trego was already busy again. They worked in opposite directions along the rim of the mountain, calling at intervals in order not to get separated, while their well-trained slender Indian fingers moved nimbly.

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As Tonya was beating a cluster of dry burrs with a stick to make them give up their jealously protected fruit, she heard a movement. She turned to see what had made the sound. Her blood turned cold and work was forgotten, for close to her crouched one of the dreaded Navajos. Rising quickly she called to her companion but before she could run the man sprang at her like a panther and covered her mouth with his hand. Seizing her, he bore her small body easily, despite her kicking and clawing. A little way off was a waiting horse. The successful hunter mounted it, and holding Tonya before him rode swiftly away.

As he swung on to the horse Tonya heard Trego call and, making a sudden jerk of her head freed her mouth and called back, a cry that caused her companion to stop work and call again. There was no answer this time and Trego ran toward the place where Tonya had been working. When she reached the deserted bag of piñons a feeling of fear gripped her and she looked around wildly, calling for Tonya to answer her. But there was no answer. Trego searched determinedly and fearfully but in vain.

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Hearing hoof beats of a horse she looked down the mountain and beheld the awful sight of which she had been warned all her young life but never had seen before, a fleeing Navajo with a girl captive.

Piñons were forgotten as the terrified girl rushed to her people, crying the signal of alarm.

At once the happy picnic became a sorrowing crowd. Resolute men mounted horses. The fruit of the day's labor was left to be carried home by the women in wagons.

Not until the Navajo village was reached did the Acoma men stop. There they dismounted and went immediately to the Chief. He asked them their business and when they told him what it was, he replied that no girl had been brought to his village.

"That is not true," replied one of the Acoma men looking the Chief in the eye. "A man of this village took one of our girls as she was picking piñons and we have come to demand that she be returned to her own people."

"If that is so," said the Chief then, "it is right, because you owe us one of your girls."

"We do not, and we demand our maiden

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back!" said the Acoma men firmly. The Chief called a council and the Navajo warriors argued with the men from Acoma, but neither side persuaded the other that it was right and the Acomas walked from the council in disgust, as though they meant to depart from the village.

"There are some children playing," whispered one of them to a companion. "You seize a boy from their midst. I see two girls coming with water. I will snatch one of them and we will make off."

"It is just," answered the second Acoma man. Others who heard the plan agreed to it and held their guns in readiness in case they should be needed for pursuing Navajos.

Meanwhile the Navajos saw their enemies mount as though defeated in the council and ready to turn their backs on the whole proceeding. They were delighted and yelled taunts of defiance as the Acomas started off. Children scattered at the approach of strange men's horses but before they could all get away one of the men seized a boy and tore away with him, while another rushed at the water-carriers, jumped quickly to the ground, threw the olla from the

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head of one of the girls and lifted her to the waiting arms of a rider. Then remounting his own horse with lightning speed he joined his companions and with them dodged the flying arrows and bullets that followed.

As Navajos mounted their horses and pursued, one of the rearmost of the Acomas turned and yelled, "Bring our girl back and we will give you yours!"

The pursuers seemed to consider this a moment but let fly their missiles again and an arrow stuck in the leg of the man who had yelled. The poison from this arrow later gave him a great deal of trouble, but he did not stop then to remove the barb.

At last the Navajos saw the cliff pueblo of the Acomas near at hand. They pulled up their horses then and turned back empty-handed. But they never returned the Acoma girl, although they lost their own Navajo girl and a boy besides.

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TENENE POVE

This is the story told by Pō-ō-tē', or Splashing Water, as told to her by her grandmother.

A LONG time ago, when people lived at Yah'bah, southeast of San Ildefonso, there were three girls in that village named White Corn, Blue Corn and Yellow Corn. A young man lived there too, by the name of Tē-nē-nē Pō-vê. He was a quiet young man. He rarely went out. Almost any time one could find him working at his loom or making buckskin clothing.

One day the Corn girls were talking about Tenene Pove and wondering why he kept so closely in the house. Sometimes they could see him on the roof in the evening, but it was seldom that he left his home and he had ceased to take part in any of the games or gatherings of the young people. All three of the Corn girls ad-

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mired him and wondered how they might attract his attention.

"He ought to have a wife," said Blue Corn, "and where could he find a better than one of us?"

She was thinking of herself.

"Nowhere could he find a better than one of us," said White Corn, and the one she meant was herself.

"Let us ask him," said Yellow Corn. She felt sure she would be the chosen one.

After talking over the situation for some time the three girls decided that each would grind some corn and offering the meal to the quiet young man propose herself as his wife. Each of these girls, proud of her own charms and sure they surpassed those of the others, thought she would be the fortunate one whose meal Tenene Pove would accept.

It was decided that White Corn should go first, so she ground some fine white meal, enough to fill a basket. Putting the basket on her head, she started for the home of Tenene Pove's parents. When she reached the house and entered she saw the boy's mother and father and could

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IMMEDIATELY THEY WERE TURNED INTO
THREE WRITHING SNAKES

Drawn by Awa Tsireh

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hear the sound of his loom in the next room as he worked away at cloth for the beautiful *moo'-tah,* or dress, of the Indian women.

White Corn said to the mother, "I have come to see Tenene Pove. I have brought him some fine white meal and wish to ask him to marry me."

Tenene's mother looked at the girl critically. She saw that White Corn was very good-looking, and the quality of her meal was fine, so she nodded her head in assent and told the visitor to go into the room where her son was working.

White Corn entered the room alone and when the young man saw her he said, "Good morning."

"Good morning," answered White Corn, "I have brought you some meal that I ground especially for you. It is very white and fine."

"When did you grind it?" asked Tenene Pove.

"I have just finished grinding," answered White Corn and displayed her meal for his examination.

He looked at it, and at her. "I do not want it," he said, turning to his work again.

White Corn was greatly vexed and disap-

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pointed, but she knew his answer was positive. She lifted the basket to her head and went out. She did not stop to speak to Tenene Pove's parents. They were waiting to know what had happened, but they saw she had been rejected and said nothing to her. They even pretended not to see her.

When White Corn reached home the other girls were eager to know what Tenene Pove had said. She told them and added, "There is no use wasting time on him; he does not want to marry anybody."

The other girls did not agree with her about that, and Blue Corn decided to go next. As White Corn with her pale meal had not been accepted Blue Corn thought that she and her beautiful blue meal were just suited to the lonely young man.

"I will grind blue meal and go to him," she said, so she ground a basketful of meal. She said it was the sky color and was used in sacred rites to the Great Spirit. She put the basket on her head and started forth with light steps. She felt certain that she would not have to return, as White Corn had done.

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At the door of Tenene Pove's home she paused and looking in saw his parents. They nodded in a friendly manner and she went in. The mother bade her be seated but she continued to stand.

"I have come to see Tenene Pove," she said, as boldly as White Corn had spoken. "I have brought him some fine blue meal and wish to marry him."

The mother motioned for her to go into the room where Tenene Pove worked and Blue Corn entered the apartment with curiosity and a little uncertainty.

"Good morning," she said.

Tenene Pove looked up at her and nodded.

"I have brought you some blue meal," she told him.

"When did you grind it?" he asked.

"I have just finished grinding it and brought it straight to you," she answered.

The young man continued his work silently, giving her no encouragement, but she said bravely, "I came to ask you to marry me."

"I can not marry you," he answered, not even

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pausing in his work, and she knew that his answer was final.

She, too, had to take up her meal and go dejectedly from the house which she had entered so hopefully.

When she had gone, without turning her head to look at the parents, the father said, "Our son seems determined not to marry. They are both fine-looking girls."

The mother shook her head mournfully and said, "It means I am never to have a daughter to share my home and give me grandchildren. Tenene Pove is brooding over something; what can it be?"

"Maybe he is in love with someone who will not marry him," suggested the father.

The mother felt indignant at that but was silent, not knowing what to think of her son's strange actions.

Yellow Corn was pleased to see this second companion return home, rejected as White Corn had been.

"He wants none of their pale and dark meal," she thought, "but my rich yellow meal and my beauty will bring him to his senses. The others

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gave up too readily." She felt great confidence in her own success and she hummed a little tune as she worked.

When she had ground yellow corn and filled her basket, making it as attractive as she could, she balanced the burden on her head with the deftness of Indian maidens of that day. She started forth happily.

She entered the house of Tenene Pove's parents and then told her errand.

The mother looked at the meal, approved of it. She hoped that this attractive girl would be able to move the heart of her son. Showing Yellow Corn the door of the room she left her to try her fortune. Tenene Pove gave her the same indifferent greeting that he had given her friends, but Yellow Corn was confident of her ability to charm even the most stubborn male heart. She said brightly:

"I have brought you some rich yellow meal, Tenene Pove. I have ground it very fine and know it will make good bread. Feel it. I wish to marry you, and will promise to always have meal as fine as this."

"When did you grind it?" asked Tenene

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Pove, feeling it, and she thought he was interested.

"I have just finished and brought it straight to you," she answered.

He looked at it again and let some fall through his fingers, but turned back to his work. Then he said: "I don't want to marry you."

Yellow Corn could scarcely believe that he was in earnest, but he paid no more attention to her, and she had to go away like her companions.

As she left Tenene Pove's parents shook their heads at one another.

Now, Pē-nē'-nē Än'-u, a poor girl, ragged and barefoot, saw the three Corn girls go past the humble abode of her parents to the home of Tenene Pove with meal. She wondered why they went so blithely one after another and then returned so dejectedly. After thinking it over carefully she concluded that the girls had gone to ask him to marry them and that he had refused them.

She herself loved Tenene Pove. She could not bear to think of another marrying him, but had never had the courage to tell him of her love. She was always shy and reserved in his presence. Thinking that he could not care for a poor girl

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like herself she always left the impression with the young man that she did not care for him. The rejection of the three Corn girls, however, filled her with a courage she had never felt before. She determined to go to his home, make an offering of meal and ask him to marry her. She told her parents of her desire and they said that she might do as she pleased.

"Grind some corn," said her mother, and her father said he would take a message to the bees and tell them to come and pour sweet honey on her meal.

As Penene Anu ground the meal fine her father talked to the governor of the bees. The governor promised to furnish the honey asked for. "Make a hole in the top of your house," said the chief bee, "and tell Penene Anu to place her meal under the hole."

The father went home and found that his daughter had ground the meal well and had a good pile of it. He told her that he would make a hole in the roof and bade her fill her basket and place it under the opening. She did so and soon there was loud buzzing above the hole, while sweet drops of honey fell on the meal, making

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it delicious. When the little bee friends had finished their task they flew away and Penene Anu placed the basket on her head. She started forth on her mission, not boldly but with determination.

While she was on the way White Corn, Blue Corn and Yellow Corn saw her and said to one another that she was going to ask Tenene Pove to marry her. "He will not care for the meal of such a ragged girl," said one of them, and they all laughed at her boldness. They stood at a distance and watched to see her come out, when they meant to taunt her.

When Penene Anu entered the house she found Tenene Pove and his parents eating. "Good morning," she said brightly but timidly, for she had never done anything so bold as this and her heart was fluttering with hope and fear.

They all looked up and nodded and a new light came into the eyes of Tenene Pove. Looking at the young man the girl said, "I have brought some meal for you."

Tenene Pove's mother told the maiden to set the basket on the floor and invited her to be seated and eat with them. Penene Anu accepted

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the invitation and shared their breakfast. The mother took a little meal out of the basket. She tasted it and said that it was good. Then she took more and passed it to her husband. He tasted the meal and also declared it good.

"I should like to have you live in our home," said the mother, as she noticed interest in the glances of her son. Tenene Pove took some of the meal and said that it was the best he ever ate.

"I would like to marry you," he said to the visitor.

Penene Anu said, "I would like to marry you," so it was decided that she should remain in their home.

After the repast Tenene Pove's mother and the girl were left to themselves and the older woman prepared a bath for the younger. When it was ready she bathed Penene Anu, put clean clothes on her and said she was a pretty girl. Penene stayed in the home of her lover that night but there was not much sleep for either of the young people. Each thought continuously of the other and felt strange happiness at the thought that they would soon be made life companions.

Early next morning Tenene Pove said: "I will

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go out and kill a deer for our wedding feast. While I am gone, Penene Anu, promise me that you will not go walking with the three Corn girls. I do not trust them."

Penene Anu promised and he departed with a light heart.

Penene Anu was also happy. She helped Tenene Pove's mother, working so easily and so well that the good woman was greatly pleased. She had long been wishing for a bright and helpful daughter in her home.

White Corn, Blue Corn and Yellow Corn wandered about the house all morning trying to discover what was going on. They had not seen Penene Anu.

"She must be going to marry him," they decided at last, each remembering enviously how she had been rejected.

About noon they saw Penene Anu come outside looking very pretty and sweet and they greeted her. She returned their greeting and they asked her to go walking with them.

"I promised my lover that I would not go out," said Penene Anu, but the girls insisted all the more after that.

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"We want you to see something very beautiful," they told her.

This aroused the young girl's curiosity. She could not believe there would be any harm in going a little way with them.

"Tenene Pove does not want me to go with them because he does not like them well enough to marry them," she thought, and then she grew sorry for them.

Besides, the distinction of having these proud girls care for her company when they had never noticed her before, pleased her a little. She realized that now she was to be recognized by persons who before had scorned her for her poverty. So she finally consented to go with them.

When they had walked some distance she asked what they had to show her and one of the girls produced a beautiful bowl. As soon as Penene Anu saw the bowl she wanted it. The more she looked at it the stronger grew her desire. At last she asked for it but the girl said she did not wish to give it away. Then she wanted it more than ever and begged them to let her have it.

"Well," said Yellow Corn, seeming to reluc-

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tantly respond to her pleading, "stand over there and we will roll it to you; if you put your hand in the bowl as it is rolling past you, you may have it."

Penene Anu was delighted and placed herself in the position indicated. As the pretty bowl came near she put out her hand to catch it and as it rolled close thrust her hand in to prevent it from escaping. But she soon learned that it would have been a fortunate escape. As the bowl covered her hand she had a queer stretching sensation and soon understood that she was undergoing a magic change. Her hands became the feet of a beast, her body bent over and was supported on four beast legs and feet, while her face shot out to a sharp point.

She had been turned into a fox by the jealous witch girls and they laughed at her as she tried to plead with them to restore her to her own form.

"Go to your lover now and let him embrace you," laughed one.

Another said, "Go to the woods and find your own food, for Tenene Pove will not hunt to feed a fox."

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"Nor will he want a fox for a wife," laughed the third.

The poor little fox was helpless and turned toward the woods. As she was walking sadly along she met Tenene Pove returning from the hunt with a deer on his back, happy because he had made his kill and because he was on his way to see his sweetheart. The fox followed him. When he noticed it the little creature tried to tell him who she was. But he could not understand and went on his way, looking back occasionally to see the fox still following him. He started to shoot it and even had the arrow pointed for his deadly purpose but the little animal, instead of running away, looked at him with such pleading eyes that he lowered his arrow.

He wondered why the wild thing followed him. All the way to the village Penene Anu trailed after her lover but when the dogs of the village saw her they rushed out and drove her to the woods.

When Tenene Pove got home he laid down his deer and immediately looked around for Penene Anu. Not seeing her he went into the

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house and still not finding her inquired of his mother.

"She went out with those three Corn girls," his mother told him, "and hasn't come back."

"I told her not to go with them," said Tenene Pove angrily.

"She refused for a long time," said his mother, but they finally persuaded her, saying they had something pretty to show her."

"I feared them," he said. "I never did trust them and that is why I asked Penene Anu not to go out with them. They may try to do her harm."

While waiting for Penene Anu to return he told his parents about the little fox following him until the dogs chased it away.

"Never before did a wild animal follow me like that," he said. "It kept looking at me with pleading eyes. Once it seemed to be trying to talk to me. I wonder what was the matter with it. Maybe some hunter had taken its young ones away. Poor little fox!"

Night came and still Penene Anu did not return. Tenene Pove went to the home of her parents but she was not there and they had not seen her. He did not know where to seek, but searched

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until late. Then he went on the roof of his house to sleep but sleep would not come to him. All night he tossed about, thinking of Penene Anu. Next morning his mother called him to come down and eat but he would not leave the roof. For two days he went without food and grieved for the girl he loved.

While he grieved a very sad little fox wandered about timidly in the woods. There she heard and saw many wild creatures and she was afraid as well as sad.

On the second day after her transformation Penene Anu was walking along when suddenly there was a snap and a terrible pain shot up her leg and through her whole body. She found herself held fast. Looking down, she saw that she had been caught in a trap and whined pitifully.

After trying in vain to free her leg and finally resigning herself to her fate she heard the steps of a man. With the fox nature that had come with her transformed body she tried to avoid the enemy by freeing herself but it was of no use. She was held fast. The man appeared and looked down. Then he stooped over the frightened little animal, for it seemed to look at him with strange

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eyes for a fox. He saw tears run from those eyes and down over the pointed nose, and he thought that they fell in a manner that was almost human. The trapper was about to release the foot when the fox tried to talk to him as she continued to weep. He started back, sure that this was no ordinary fox.

"Never before in my life," he said, "have I seen an animal weep tears. Surely it is not a real fox; I will take it to the medicine man."

So he freed the trapped animal and carried it in his arms. It seemed glad to rest there and made no attempt to get away. He took it to a very wise man and told how the fox had been in his trap and had seemed to try to tell him something. Penene Anu knew the medicine man and as soon as he looked at her he recognized her despite her change.

"How did you happen to get into this fix, Penene Anu?" he asked, and the little fox told him, finding at last someone who could understand her. When she had finished her story he gave her some medicine. After she had drunk it he pulled off the fox's skin and the young girl

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stood erect, restored to her own pretty human self.

For two days she remained with the medicine man, until she got over the shock of her frightful experience, and then the wise man told her to go to the home of Tenene Pove and his parents. She was rejoiced to be able to return and yet felt a little frightened when she thought that Tenene Pove might be angry with her for breaking the promise she had made him.

When she reached the house her mother-in-law was too glad to see her again to think of scolding her, for Tenene Pove had not left the roof nor eaten since his return from his futile search for his beloved.

"Where have you been?" asked the mother.

Penene Anu told her and then asked for Tenene Pove.

"He is on the roof," answered his mother, "and has not eaten since you left. I will call him."

She went to her son and told him that Penene Anu had returned. Immediately, without asking any questions, the young man, who had been ly-

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ing stupefied with his grief, was filled with life once more and hastened down the ladder.

On the following day the wedding took place with a great feast and the wedded pair lived very happily together.

When Penene Anu was married the wise man who had restored her to human form gave her a bowl much more beautiful that the one the Corn girls had used, and told her what to do with it in order to stop the wicked enchantments of those jealous girls, who she learned, were witches.

So the day after her wedding Penene Anu went to the river for water and took the beautiful bowl with her. The Corn girls saw her go. They followed her to the river, consumed with curiosity and intending to question her about her restoration. They thought also that they could destroy her with their magic, and that this time she would find no other magic to save her.

When Penene Anu saw them she greeted them pleasantly. They asked where she had been so long. This boldness surprised the little bride but she answered calmly:

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"Oh, I have been in the house for the last few days."

Just then they espied the beautiful bowl which Penene Anu seemed trying to keep out of their sight. They craned their necks to see it better, wondering if it was the magic friend that had aided their victim. As they looked at the wonderful piece of pottery they all thought it the most beautiful bowl they had ever seen. They were sure it must be a magic one that would be a help in their witch-rites. Each girl wondered how she could get it away from Penene Anu but dared not try to take it. Finally Blue Corn asked for it, after which White Corn and Yellow Corn said that they too would like to possess it.

"Why should I give my bowl away?" asked Penene Anu, pretending to desire it very much herself.

Her refusal made the Corn girls want it all the more. Penene Anu listened to the pleadings that grew more and more urgent. At length she said: "Well, stand over there and I will roll it toward you. Whoever catches it while it is rolling may have it."

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The three girls then stood where she had told them to stand, each trying to put herself where she would be sure to catch it as it came by. Penene Anu rolled the bowl very deliberately and each girl caught it at the same time. Immediately they were turned into three writhing snakes and hissed at one another. Then they hissed at Penene Anu and would have put their fangs into her but she had medicine that made her proof against their venom.

After watching them a moment Penene Anu spoke to them and they were compelled to listen.

She said: "Now it is your turn to go into the woods and find food for yourselves. You can not find any one to help you out of your trouble as I did, for you are wicked witches and my people must be rid of you. You had better be friends to one another for all other creatures will avoid or kill you, since evil must not live where it can harm children of the Great Spirit. Go now to the woods."

The three snakes writhed away as she finished speaking and disappeared from her sight forever.

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RABBIT AND HAWK

This is the story told by Sahn-yō' Pō'-vê, or Flower Branch of Tree, of how Rabbit escaped from Hawk.

ONE day *Taytay,* or Grandfather, was walking along and came upon a rabbit nibbling some green thing. "You'd better hide, Rabbit," said Grandfather, "I saw Hawk flying just back there."

Rabbit looked up quickly and saw Hawk descending upon him. He ran into his hole like lightning, just in time to be missed by Hawk's terrible beak. After his fright was over and he thought Hawk had gone far away he came out again, but Hawk was waiting for him and pounced down before Rabbit had time to get back to his hole.

As poor Rabbit dangled from Hawk's claws and realized what was to be his horrible fate if

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the wicked bird got him to his nest, he did a lot of thinking and planning. "I'll sing," he thought, "and maybe that will frighten Hawk so that he will let me go."

So Rabbit began very suddenly and loudly to sing and Hawk was so startled that he dropped his prey. Before he could see where it had fallen Rabbit had darted away, hiding behind rocks as he ran. Then coming to some white sand Rabbit began hurriedly to make a hole where Hawk could not enter. So fast and hard did he dig that his nails were worn off, but still he dug deeper because he knew that Hawk was on the lookout for he could see the big bird's shadow on the ground.

At last Hawk spied him and made a swoop at the hole but Rabbit had succeeded in digging deeply enough to hide out of the enemy's reach, so Hawk scratched and scolded at the mouth of the burrow in vain.

"You should have kept me when you had me," taunted Rabbit and began to sing his song again.

This made Hawk so angry and so humiliated that he flew far away and hid where nobody could find him.

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RED TAIL TALKS

An Epilogue

RED TAIL had been telling stories of his people and grew very serious.

"We are not as we once were," he said, following a line of thought in one of his tales. "We keep our pueblo, have our Indian dances and celebrations, have our Governor, fool ourselves into believing that we govern ourselves and guide our destinies, when as a matter of fact the United States Government can take away our authority over our own affairs any time. Change is everywhere. Even in my lifetime, and I am only a middle-aged man, there have been vast changes in our people and in our customs."

"What are some of the changes?" I asked.

He deliberated in the slow, thought-gathering manner of his people and finally answered,

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"When I was a young man every morning we went to the river, bathed, and then, without our clothing, ran to get dry and warm, and strengthen our bodies. No one ever thought of there being anything wrong in that, but now even our own children think such actions strange."

After further deliberation he continued, "My father used to scatter meal every morning, asking the Great Spirit to watch over our household. He sang and was very confident and happy, like his father and grandfather before him. That ceremony seemed to us to open the morning, and the spirit which came over us all was one of confidence, happiness, and joy—trust in the Great Spirit, Manitou, God—He who sent the Sun to light and warm us through another day. All households began the day that way and it was music to our ears to hear the voices of our elders throughout the village as they invoked the Great Spirit.

"We lived very simply then, almost as simply as our ancestors had before us and, our needs being few, we were content. We hunted, tilled the soil, made our clothing, made some things for

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THE SAN ILDEFONSO BIRD

Drawn by Awa Tsireh

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beauty, and our homes were quiet and peaceful. I remember the satisfaction we felt in watching a pair of moccasins near completion. Some of these were decorated heavily with beads, and the makers took great pains with them. We cared not how much time they took; beauty and strength meant more to us then than speedy work, as we did not make them to sell. Some of our women made pottery and every piece was a work of love and art. The men sometimes helped to decorate the pottery because our men and women have always loved to work together, despite tales to the contrary that are generally believed.

"Children were very respectful in those days and disobedience was rare. Children were not cowed nor tyrannized over in the least; they were simply trained from the beginning of their lives and grew naturally into the ways of their people. Wrangling over nothing, such as often harasses us in these days, was not part of life then. It is different now.

"Our young men do not like the blankets and moccasins of their fathers, but prefer overcoats and factory shoes that are very stiff and shiny.

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These heavy shoes cramp the feet and stiffen muscles that are needed in walking and running. None of our young men can run as their grandfathers did. We wear shirts and neck-ties and pants. It seems to me that pants and neck-ties were never meant for Indians, but I wear them, and my boys use only the white men's clothing.

"Our young women do not like the beautiful costumes of their mothers and grandmothers, with snowy white moccasins that encase feet and legs, the gaily colored dresses and blankets or shawls. They prefer hats and dresses that look foreign on Indian forms. They wear shoes with heels that throw feet from their natural position and that would be very inconvenient if they carried water on their heads as their grandmothers did. All our little boys and girls wear clothing made in white men's factories.

"In our homes we have sewing-machines, rocking chairs and other chairs with legs, bedsteads, bureaus, iron stoves, kitchen cabinets, china and glass dishes, lace curtains, and, with these things to be seen on every side, we boast of having retained our old customs. Some of them we do retain, but all of them, through and

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through, show the mark of the life the white man has taught us.

"We go to town in automobiles, if we can afford to have them, and in town we buy all sorts of white people's things from the stores, sell our pottery and moccasins, our baskets, bead and silver work. We eat in a restaurant if we can afford it, and go to the picture show. We return to our pueblo home and like the rest and quiet of it, but the other life is ours, too, and it has become a big part of our existence here."

Red Tail paused and sighed as he adjusted his red neck-tie, his silver ear-rings tinkling during the operation. The bright band of color around his head of shining black hair was attractive in itself, but incongruous with the grey suit bought in a men's furnishing store in Santa Fé.

"The changing may be well," he resumed philosophically, for Red Tail is a philosopher, with all of his love for the old things of his people. "It may be the will of the Great Spirit, of God, that we shall all grow to be one people. I can not tell how it is, nor do I rebel at that which can not be helped. Still, I am saddened as I think of the vigor, the power and independence of

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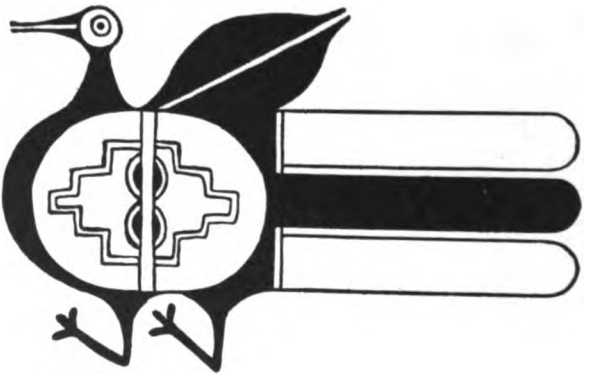
my one-time people, and the dependence and acquiescence of their descendants—the conquered people of half a world. It may be well, it may be right, it may be best, but it seems to me very sad and my heart is often heavy at the thought of it."



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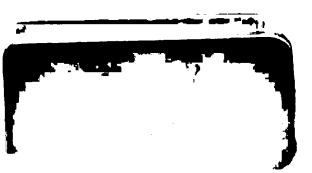

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